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Nansen in the Arctic Regions

WHAT THE EXPLORER HAS ACCOMPLISHED

By General A. W. Greely

THE history of America from its settlement until the middle of the present century is an almost unbroken story of courageous, persistent and successful exploration; and to a greater extent than any other nation, not excepting Great Britain, its people as a whole honor and admire heroic efforts.

Fully informed by an enterprising press of great achievements throughout the world, the American people, with cosmopolitan spirit, swell the fame of the doers of great deeds, be they native or foreign. When, therefore, the foremost of adventurous polar explorers, Doctor Fridtjof Nansen, departing from the time-honored custom of his predecessors in entering the lecture field, visited the United States, it is gratifying to note that his welcome from American audiences was scarcely second to that accorded to Stanley Africanus when he returned to his adopted country from his series of extraordinary journeys in Africa.

Nansen is of a blue-eyed, fair-haired, Norwegian type, which the steady stream of welcome Scandinavian immigration in the past quarter of a century has made familiar in the Northern States of our Union. With his five-and-thirty years he has gained a breadth of figure and development of muscles that are in keeping with his towering stature of six feet and three or four inches. Secure in the strength of his physical powers and mental abilities, he comports himself with a modest simplicity which is not only charming in itself but is significant as a characteristic of most men of famous action. Keen-eyed, fair-spoken and earnest-mannered, he gives an air of naiveté that is most attractive to all; but one must not think that this indicates an unbalanced enthusiasm or lack of discrimination. Few men have keener perception, greater reserve powers and better self-control than this brawny, educated and traveled man. Being trained in scientific methods, he knows what he wishes to say and do, and the surest and most direct way of reaching a result that he desires.

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Let us now turn to the explorations in which his vigor, knowledge and courage have gained for him such brilliant successes. A champion athlete and university-trained, his first special activity was in a zoological expedition to East Greenland Sea, which, doubtless, turned his attention to, and incited his adventurous ambition for, solving the mystery involved in the orographic features of the interior of Greenland.

The ice-capped continental island of Greenland had long engaged the attention and baffled the efforts of explorers. The most successful expedition, that in 1883, of Baron Nordenskiöld, the greatest of modern arctic explorers, traveled the ice-cap from Disco Bay, on the west coast, to a point more than halfway to Egede Fiord on the east coast. This remarkable journey was made by Nordenskiöld with a possible but faint expectation of finding in the interior of Greenland an ice-free region covered with vegetation, such as it had been my personal lot to discover the previous year in the interior of Grinnell Land, one thousand miles further to the north.

Inasmuch as Nordenskiöld had demonstrated the practicability of a trans-Greenland journey, Nansen decided on making it, and with this view pursued a novel but most efficacious method, that of starting from the east coast. As East Greenland is almost uninhabited, such a plan made it absolutely necessary for the safety of himself and his companions that they should reach the Danish settlements of the west coast. Taking passage on a Norwegian sealer, which for six weeks fruitlessly endeavored to reach the ice-encumbered coast, Nansen finally quitted the ship with five others, expecting to reach Cape Dan, ten miles distant, in two days. The ice-stream and southward drift were too much for Nansen, as they have always proved to be under similar circumstances to all others. It was not until twelve days later, after bitter suffering and strenuous effort, that the party succeeded in extricating their boat from the ice and making a landing.

They were now at Anoritok, eighty miles to the southward of their ship, and two hundred miles south of their contemplated landing. Undismayed they followed the shore northward, met natives, and reaching Umivik, 64° 45′ North, commenced their inland journey across an unbroken ice-sheet on August 10. The six men had five sledges and two hundred and forty pounds per man. The ice proved to be irregular, with here and there soft snow and deep, dangerous crevasses; and after seventeen days of arduous travel they had reached a distance of only forty miles from the coast. Affairs looked unpromising, and it was evident that they could not reach their destination, Christianhaab, in 65° North. Nansen, with the sound judgment that enables him to master such situations, promptly shortened his journey by changing his course to Godthaab, 64° North, two hundred and forty miles south of his original destination.

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The crest of Greenland was passed at an elevation of eighty-five hundred feet, a broad, almost level plateau that sloped very gradually toward the west coast, in a sheet of solid, unbroken ice, varying from five hundred to possibly five thousand feet in thickness. This enabled the party to sail their sledges long distances with great rapidity and with safety, until broken, irregular ice-sections marked its approach to the west coast, which was reached at an uninhabited fiord about fifty miles south of Godthaab. There was here, fortunately, a scanty growth of willows which supplemented their sledges and canvas so as to enable Nansen to construct a boat of sufficient size to enable him to procure assistance from Godthaab. The brilliant manner in which Nansen executed his original, bold plan established at once his reputation as an explorer, bold in plan, indomitable in effort, and fertile in resources.

Scarcely had he returned from Greenland when Nansen advanced a project of exploration of the unknown polar ocean, that failed to commend itself to any arctic traveler of experience, and some believed it to be impracticable. The plan was based on the experience of the Jeannette, Captain De Long, in its remarkable drift of some fifteen hundred miles to the north-northwest, from the vicinity of Herald Island to the north of Bering Strait, to the point where the ship was crushed by the ice some five hundred miles north of the delta of the Lena River. The American people recall the feelings of grief that swept over the land when news came that all the strenuous efforts of De Long brought him into the Lena only to perish of starvation; that in an arctic gale the gallant Chipp found a sailor's grave, and that only the sturdy Melville brought his boat's crew safe to the Siberian villages.

Nansen not only believed, with many others, that there was unbroken sea between the resting-place of the Jeannette and the ocean to the north of Spitzbergen, but he declared that it could be safely traversed by a ship of novel construction. Furthermore, despite the fate of the Jeannette, and the fact that scores of whalers drawn into this ice near Bering Strait had never emerged, he believed that his sole chance of success rested in putting his ship into the ice-pack and in depending on the current to carry it through to the Spitzbergen Sea, his party meanwhile living comfortably and quietly in their cabins during his absence.

Stimulated instead of discouraged by adverse criticism, Nansen applied himself for years to perfecting his plans, securing subscriptions and arranging details. The voyages and equipments of his predecessors were carefully studied in order that he might profit by their discoveries and failures; the wealth of inventions of the past quarter of a century were brought into play. When finally he sailed, in August, 1893, his equipment was far superior to any that had ever before left port for the Arctic Ocean. Indeed, of all his predecessors he might well say, as he specifically did of the Kane expedition, that they were all inadequately equipped and therefore hampered.

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The Fram found an unprecedented open sea and penetrated the Siberian Ocean one hundred miles further north than her predecessor, the Jeannette, under De Long, and was frozen in to the northwest of the New Siberian archipelago in 78° 50′ North, 134° East. Except the violent ice disturbances of January 6, 1895, when the destruction of the ship was so imminent that preparations were made for her abandonment, the Fram had a monotonous and uneventful drift. Month after month she moved hither and thither.

And there was nothing to relieve the round of ship's duties and observations save occasional summer birds or the intrusion of polar bears. Though often set back to the westward, yet the general course of the Fram's drift was to the west-northwest, where she reached, October, 1895, the astonishing latitude of 85° 57′ North, 60° East. Thence the pack drifted to the south-southwest, and the sea being unusually open to the north of Spitzbergen, in 1896, the Fram, under Captain Sverdrup, was brought, by the timely use of explosives and by skillful ice-navigation, into the open sea north of Spitzbergen on August 13.

What would otherwise have been a story of monotony was changed to one of intense excitement and frequent dangers, through the decision of Nansen to leave the Fram in an effort to reach the North Pole, after which to return to Norway by a voyage across the frozen sea to Spitzbergen via Franz Josef Land. Nansen was properly in doubt as to the propriety of departing from his original plan in thus unnecessarily quitting his command. It must have been evident then, as events have since proved, that it could add practically nothing to our knowledge of the arctic regions, and that it imperiled the lives of two men. The spirit of adventure, which is an integral part of this young Viking's temperament, impelled him to a journey that was unique in design and hazardous in execution. It may be added that Nansen decided in his own mind upon such an expedition a few months after leaving Norway, but refrained from making known his intentions for nearly a year, when the plan was communicated to Sverdrup, and later to the party at large. The spirit with which he approached the work was very largely one of desire for active occupation regardless of future consequences.

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At first he planned the journey contingent upon an adverse drift of the Fram. Nevertheless, when the drift proved favorable, he held to his purpose, although the reasons therefor were necessarily modified. While the idea was yet secret he writes:

"My heart beats with very joy at the thought of it. . . . It may seem foolish that I should be determined to go off on this expedition. I am thinking solely of reaching the Pole. It would be possible to get with the dogs and sledges over the ice to the Pole if one left the ship for good."

On January 15, 1894, he says:

"It would be too hasty to go off in the spring; and as I think it over I feel doubtful if it would be right to go off and leave the others. Imagine if I came home and they did not."

Twice he left the Fram, and twice his equipment broke down. Still he made a third attempt, provided with a hundred days' rations, three sledges, twenty-eight dogs, two kayaks or skin boats, and a companion, Johansen, who yielded nothing to Nansen in coolness, courage or endurance. The Fram was left in 84° 04′ North, 102° East, on March 14, 1895; and Nansen not unreasonably calculated from his experiences across Greenland that he would reach the North Pole in fifty days. But traversing the ice of the Arctic Ocean was quite another matter from his ice-capped experiences. Better equipped with dogs and camping outfit than any of his predecessors, yet his utmost endeavors scarcely carried him beyond a third of the distance to the Pole, and to a point barely seventeen miles north of the latitude later reached by the Fram. In this northern journey the endurance of man and beast were taxed to the utmost. Nansen says:

"We beat them [the dogs] with thick ash sticks when, hardly able to move, they stopped from sheer exhaustion."

The record shows that the men spared themselves no more:

"Sometimes we were so weary that our eyes closed, and we fell asleep with the food on its way to our mouths. Yesterday when we stopped I was really done."

After these incredible efforts, when in 86° 14′ North, 93° East, on April 7, 1895, "the ice having been found impassable," as he says, Nansen most reluctantly, but wisely, decided to turn back. He was now one hundred and thirty geographical miles of latitude to the north of the Fram, which meanwhile had drifted four miles to the north; but he was yet two hundred and twenty-six miles short of the Pole. By drift and by march he had attained a point one hundred and seventy geographical miles to the north of the most northerly known land of the globe, that attained by my own expedition in 1882. The journey southward to Franz Josef Land was one to depress the most sanguine temperament by its experiences of delay, hardship and danger. Provisioned—the men for one hundred days and the dogs for thirty—the journey from the Fram to Franz Josef Land was destined to cover one hundred and fifty-three days. When dog food failed, the weakest of the animals were killed in turn and fed to their companions until only two remained. At first the roughness of the ice made traveling extremely difficult; and Nansen admits that each day's march left them in a state of utter exhaustion. Later violent gales, a disrupted pack, and blinding fog made progress almost impossible, and finally they found themselves at sea, subject to the fortunes of a moving ice-pack. Their watches ran down, their longitude was uncertain, and day by day they watched in vain for glimpses of long-expected and longed-for land.

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On the march a bear struck down Johansen, who called to Nansen to get his gun. Delayed a minute, when the dogs' diversion saved Johansen, Nansen says:

"I was on my knees pulling and tugging to get my gun, when I heard Johansen quietly say, 'You must look sharp if you want to be in time.'"

Could there be a finer example of imperturbable coolness in time of danger?

The efforts made were such that

"At last one literally staggers on one's snowshoes. . . . It was only by exerting all my strength of will that I could drag myself along."

Nansen was attacked by rheumatism; Johansen had to take off his boots and socks, and care for him as a child, and the safety of both was at stake! Their food was at its very end. All failed save their indomitable spirit of courage and confidence. Health came back, an isolated island sprang smiling out of the icy sea to gladden their hearts, and at the very worst time Johansen shot a seal. Strengthened and encouraged they put forth their utmost efforts and reached land, the Hvidten Islands, in the middle of August.

Erecting in a suitable place a stone hut, they speedily accumulated an ample supply of meat and skins of bears and walruses that here abound, and were thus enabled to pass their winter in plenty and in comparative comfort.

With returning spring they made ready for a journey to Spitzbergen, and on May 19, 1896, started with kayaks, on the top of which were strapped their sledges, so as to enable them to travel either over ice or through the open sea. To the very end accidents and misfortunes threatened their destruction. On one occasion Nansen, breaking through the soft floe, barely escaped death by drowning, Johansen turning back just in time to save him. Again, their kayaks drifted away, leaving them without even a knife.

Nansen, throwing off his upper garments, plunged into the icy water and attempted to reach the drifting kayaks. Benumbed by the cold and exhausted by his exertions, he felt that further effort was useless; but realizing that failure was certain death, he persisted, and reached the kayaks so utterly exhausted that only by repeated efforts could he clamber into the boat. Two days later their stock of meat was entirely gone, and in a walrus hunt, on the day following, one of the animals just failed of destroying Nansen's kayak and drowning him in the open sea. But every lane has its turning, and on the seventeenth of June they fell in with the Jackson expedition, quartered on Franz Josef Land, found a wealth of welcome and hospitality, and, returning with this expedition, received the merited greetings of the civilized world for the courage, energy and ability with which they had overcome the adverse circumstances of their extraordinary journey.

Nansen's experiences are of surprising interest, owing largely to the variety of arctic dangers he safely and courageously encountered. His ice-drift along the coast of Franz Josef Land pales into insignificance as compared with the winter journey of the crew of the Polaris; his wintering was less dangerous than that of Doctor Rae at Repulse Bay; his explorations northward from the Fram were of briefer duration and prosecuted to a less distance from his base than those of Lockwood; and his retreat across the Polar Sea was shorter and far less laborious than that of De Long and Melville to the Lena Delta; but in his single voyage Nansen combined each of the above phases that made these other journeys of special interest; and with good reason his travels, prosecuted with such courage, vigor and fortitude, are classed among the most amazing in Arctic annals.—The Independent.

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The Baby in Camp

*THE REFORMATION OF GOLD LEDGE**

By Elizabeth M. Comfort

IN A SHORT time the heavily clogged wheels were freed from their casing of snow, the fallen horse was righted, and the road was cleared as far as the store. In the meantime, Grizzly had appeared and silently taken a hand in clearing away the snow. His powerful physique and grim silence, his furtive glances toward the wagon, and the rapidity with which he made the snow fly, attracted the attention of the little woman in the wagon. He had not been one of the number around the wagon at first, but she suddenly noticed the big, silent fellow bending to the task of clearing the ground with a zeal as if something serious were at stake.

When the wagon stopped before the store, Simpson, who had been working with the rest, cordially invited the newcomers to "git out and come in to the fire." A path had been cleared from the road to the store, the door of which stood invitingly open. The men stood about waiting for the "bit of caliker" to be lifted down from the wagon, and to render any further service they might for their honored guest.

Jean busied herself for a moment in the depths of the big wagon. Grizzly, standing close by, heard a queer little inarticulate sound from within. Instantly he stuck his shovel in the bank of snow, and with a long stride he stood by the front wheel where McLeod was also standing to lift his wife to the ground.

Jean appeared with what looked like a roll of shawls carefully held in her arms. Grizzly held out his hands eagerly. "Let me take that—bundle," he whispered huskily, a tremble in his voice, and a world of pleading in his eyes uplifted to the woman's face.

Jean McLeod smiled very sweetly as she deposited the "bundle" in the outstretched arms, saying, "Thank you ever so much. I think she is still sleeping soundly."

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While McLeod helped his wife down, the men who had been watching Grizzly's movements now began to gather about him. Here was a fresh surprise. A baby! They gave a sort of suppressed shout—"Lawsy! a baby! Hand it over!"

"Look out!" said Grizzly gruffly, holding still more closely the roll of shawls from which unmistakable little grunts were now proceeding. "You'll scare it to death with your shouting."

The father now turned to relieve Grizzly of his self-imposed burden, but that worthy, merely saying, "She's all right," strode past him. Again every head was bared as the procession of three, headed by Grizzly bearing the little cooing bundle, passed into the store.

Not until the mother was seated by the stove did Grizzly relinquish his charge. She noticed how carefully and without any awkwardness he had held her baby, how loath he seemed to give it up even to her, and she mentally concluded that the big, grizzled fellow had a heart as big as himself and as tender as a woman's. "He'll tell me his story some day, if I stay here long enough," she said to herself.

The men crowded around to get a glimpse of the baby. Any kind of baby would have been considered beautiful in the eyes of these men, so long unused to seeing babies and so hungry for the sight of one. But this baby! She would surely have carried off all the prizes at any baby show for beauty, sweetness of nature, and pluck. There she sat on her proud young mother's knees, dimpled, rosy, and smiling, looking about on the strange faces with wonder in her sweet eyes, but quite unafraid of these bearded men. Her little hood was removed, showing a crown of sunny hair that lay in rings all over her pretty head.

"My! ain't she a beauty!" gasped Tim. "An' she ain't afraid, nuther—not a bit," he added delightedly.

Just then the baby's father came in the little one's sight. "Ba ba!" called the baby, reaching out her little hands to him. "Gorry! ef she ain't a-talking to you! Lift her up so's we kin git a good look at her. God bless her! but she's a purty sight."

McLeod had lifted the baby up to his shoulder, where she sat, a tiny queen on her lofty throne, holding court. Every man there was her sworn slave, as she cooed and gurgled and smiled, and distracted the crowd generally by her winning ways.

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"Pass the little one around. Let's have a holt of her," cried one of the men, holding out his hands to the baby. Baby looked doubtful. She put her little head down on top of her papa's hat, at the same time jamming the brim down over his eyes; but after much coaxing she yielded, and allowed herself to be "passed around" among them all. Her lovely eyes looked inquiringly into those of the strangers; her cooing and little gurgles of laughter ceased for the time. She was too busy studying these new faces and wondering about them to indulge in any levity. But she didn't cry; only when the round had been made, and the last one held her toward her mother, she gave a glad little gurgle and nestled down in her mother's lap saying, "Mum-m-m-ma—mam-ma!" and then from the safe shelter of her mother's bosom she babbled in her baby language just what she thought of her new situation—the rude surroundings of mud-chinked log walls, hung with all sorts of mining-tools and utensils, while barrels, boxes, picks and shovels were ranged along the room; the soiled, unpainted counter; the rough shelves behind it, filled with a motley variety of men's wearing apparel, canned goods, tobacco and groceries; the dirty, unplaned floor, tracked over just now with grimy snow; the big box stove in the centre, around it the group of unshaven, unshorn men, in soiled and worn garments of canvas and corduroy, and in the midst of this group a bright-faced woman holding in her lap a sunny-haired baby that smiled upon its rugged worshipers.

All the chivalry, all the tenderness and nobleness of their nature were called forth by the sacred presence of pure womanhood and innocent childhood.

They would have laid down their lives for the sweet sake of that mother and baby.

Meanwhile Doc Lawton and Simpson were holding a consultation behind the counter. There was no hotel, even of the rudest sort, in this primitive camp of men—not even an empty cabin was there where the strangers could be housed for the night. A man could camp out most anywhere, but a woman with a baby! No, sir; something must be done for them.

"I'll tell you what, Simpson," said Doc, "if I can fix up a bunk at the back of the store here, they can have my shanty, and welcome to it, until the snow goes off."

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"Hurrah for you, Doc; that's just the racket," said Simpson. "You've got the best cabin in the camp, and my little lady'll be as snug as anything. I wouldn't ask fur nothin' better. Jimminy!" he exclaimed, half to himself, "think on't! A woman with a baby in this here camp! It's my opinion she's got here by mistake—turned off the road goin' to Golden City. Ain't it a joke!"

Doc stroked his beard very thoughtfully. "Well, we must make the best of it," he said, after a pause. "I guess they've got bedding in the wagon. Of course, they must have—a good camping outfit, too."

"It's my plan," said Simpson, not noticing the other's last words—"it's my plan to git them to make the best of it. We hain't no call for regrettin'. We fellers 'll git them settled fur the night, and then we'll hold a meetin' like in this store and see what we kin do to git 'em to stay. Tell you, Doc, I'd hate worst kind to see that there woman and her baby pull out o' this camp."

"Well, Simpson," said Doc, with a slow smile, "I feel that way myself, to speak with strict honesty, and McLeod, as he calls himself, seems a first-rate fellow."

"You bet he's got sand, and that little woman there, she's clear grit right through. And the little baby, too. Why, she never batted an eye while she was bein' passed around among a lot of strangers! I've seen young uns that would ha' fetched you bald-headed with their squallin' ef a stranger jest squinted at 'em. Oh, yes, we've got to git 'em to stay—we've got to do it somehow!"

*In this reading from a delightful little book, Grizzly's Little Pard (published by Thomas Whittaker), McLeod and his wife and baby enter the little mining camp of Gold Ledge in the Rocky Mountains, and are well received by old Grizzly and the other miners. The parents of baby Fay soon die, and Grizzly adopts her, with most humanizing results to the camp.

With a Personal Flavor

TOLD OF CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Conan Doyle's Dress Suit.—During the visit of the famous novelist to this country he was engaged to deliver a speech, and had been invited to dine at the house of a prominent citizen, where he duly arrived, and retired to his bedroom to dress. A few minutes later, to the surprise of his host, Doctor Doyle sent down word that, if it would not be inconveniencing any one, he would prefer to have some dinner served in his bedroom. The request had to be granted, of course, and the explanation was the very simple one that on throwing open his bag he discovered that his dress suit had been left behind. Stories of other Englishmen who had come to America and deliberately insulted their hosts by appearing at receptions and dinners in their street clothes recurred to his mind. And nothing would induce him to go down as he was. Only half the difficulty, however, was overcome. What was he to do when, a few hours later, he met his audience? Suddenly, however, the imagination of Sherlock Holmes came to his assistance. He pulled out his pocket-knife, stripped the coat of its buttons, pinned back the lapels, and when he did face his audience later it is probable that not one in a hundred realized that the distinguished author was not wearing an ordinary evening coat, as circumstances demanded.

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Li Hung Chang on Education.—On the steamer which conveyed Li Hung Chang to China was a young missionary lady, who succeeded in becoming acquainted with the Chinese statesman. After a time she asked: "What shall we do to improve the girls' schools now in China?" The answer came quickly in two words: "Abolish them."

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Huxley's Modesty.—I sometimes, writes Dean Farrar in his Recollections, met Huxley in company with Matthew Arnold, and nothing could be more delightful than the conversation elicited by their contrasted individualities. I remember a walk which I once took with them both through the pleasant grounds of Paris Hill, where Mr. Arnold's cottage was. He was asking Huxley whether he liked going out to dinner parties, and the Professor answered that as a rule he did not like it at all. "Ah," said Mr. Arnold, "I rather like it. It is rather nice to meet people." "Oh, yes," replied Huxley, with a smile, "but we are not all such everlasting Cupids as you are!"

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Baron Rothschild's Autograph.—At a charitable sale held in Paris, at the mansion of a prominent society leader, an amusing incident took place between Baron Rothschild and the celebrated literary lady, Gyp, who had a stall on the occasion and displayed a number of fancy articles for sale. Baron Rothschild happened to pass, and the fair saleswoman addressed him with the usual request to buy something. "What am I to buy?" asked the Baron. "You have nothing at all suitable for me. But stay—an idea strikes me. I should like to have your autograph; sell me that." "Certainly, Baron." Taking a sheet of paper, the lady wrote upon it as follows: "Received from Baron Rothschild the sum of one thousand francs for the benefit of the charity. Gyp." Baron Rothschild read it, thanked her, and handing her a banknote for the amount named, went away delighted with the lady's witty ingenuity and the autograph.

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Marie Corelli's Portrait.—Although she refuses to permit the public to see her photograph, Miss Marie Corelli does not object to an oil painting of herself being placed on exhibition. The painting is now to be seen in a London gallery on the payment of one shilling. It hangs in solitary state in the gallery in a dim, religious light.

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The Prince and the Burglar.—A story which is told on high authority shows the Prince of Wales in a new light. A short time ago a policeman noticed that an entry had been made into the shop of a leading London jeweler. He summoned assistance, cautiously entered the premises with his colleagues, and caught three burglars in the act of opening a safe. A fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, during which two of the burglars were disabled and captured. The third man, however, escaped, and as he bolted up the street the constables called loudly for help. A gentleman, who was passing at the time, promptly seized the runaway burglar, and after a sharp struggle gave him up to the constables, who asked the captor to accompany them to the station. The gentleman courteously acquiesced, and when the station was reached the inspector asked the name of the man who had rendered such doughty service. "I am the Prince of Wales," was the unexpected answer, which a closer scrutiny of the authorities fully confirmed.

Edouard de Reszke and Work.—Edouard de Reszke tells a London interviewer that nothing surprised him so much in this country as the feeling that rich American girls should not marry titled foreigners because the foreigners do not work. He cannot see why work should be insisted on for its own sake, when it is not needed to earn a living. He is a hard worker himself, but that is because he enjoys the work and wants the money. He would not feel obliged to work merely because some people believe work to be an end in itself.

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Henry Irving's Coals of Fire.—When comparatively unknown, Sir Henry Irving was once assigned a good part in Much Ado About Nothing, but the manager, a prominent man at the time, rebuked him before the company for his style of acting it, and gave him a very much inferior part, a proceeding which the young actor felt keenly. In after years, as Irving became famous, the manager lost ground. One day, when Irving was about to produce the same play, the ex-manager waited upon him and asked for a part. Irving gave him the inferior part in question, and at rehearsal watched him narrowly. Then he shook hands with him, complimented him, and promoted him to the superior part from which he himself had been reduced many years before. This time the keen feelings were with the ex-manager, who declared that he had never known what "coals of fire" meant before.

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President Faure's Hand-Organs.—President Faure was much struck by the loneliness of the French army outposts in the Alpine districts which he visited not long ago. Questioning a few of the soldiers, he learned that when they found somebody who could play the accordion and make dance music for them they were able to cheat the dull tediousness of the time. An accordion-player, however, was a rarity. M. Faure at once resolved to supply them with ready-made music, so he has sent them as presents a liberal supply of hand-organs.

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Informing the Marquis of Lorne.—The Marquis of Lorne, when Governor-General of Canada, was present at some sports held on the ice of the St. Lawrence.

Though wrapped in furs, he felt the cold keenly, and was astonished to see an ancient Indian wandering around barefooted and enveloped only in a blanket. He asked the Indian how he managed to stand such a temperature when he had so little on.

"Why you no cover face?" asked the Indian.

The Marquis replied that no one ever did, and that he was accustomed to have his face naked from his birth.

"Good," replied the prairie king; "me all face," and walked proudly away.

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Professor Thompson's Courtesy.—This anecdote is told in the Boston Transcript of Professor D'Arcy Thompson, the expert sent by England to investigate the seal question: While conducting examinations at an English university, he learned that one of the students to be examined, a young woman who was a candidate for a degree, was so timid and so nervous that it was likely she would not do herself justice, and he was asked to make allowances for this. Professor Thompson asked to be presented to her before the hour for the examinations, and after meeting her he suggested that, as they had a few moments at their disposal, he would be pleased to have her show him about the museum. She gladly assented to this, and they spent a delightful half-hour; when the dreaded time approached the nervousness of the young woman became apparent. Finally, she summoned courage to ask when the ordeal would take place. The conclusion of the story is obvious—Professor Thompson told her the dreaded hour was over. While they sauntered about the museum he had put her through a rigid examination, she had answered all of his questions brilliantly, and she duly received her degree.

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Discounting Opie Reed.—Several years ago Opie Reed went back to Arkansas and visited the place where the home of one of his stories is laid. While talking one day the landlord said: "Here comes an old fellow I let have one of your books. He can't read, but I told him to take it home and let his wife read it to him. Let's see what he says about it. Hello, Jason," said the landlord, "did your wife read that book to you?" "Mawnin', sah. Yas, she done read it to me." "Well, what do you think of it?" "Huh, that ain't no book at all. I done lived here for fo'ty yeahs, an' I tell you right here now, I done hearn people talk that-a-way all th' whole long time."

Simmons' Renunciation

THE DEBATE OF THE GENEROUS HUSBANDS

By Arthur Morrison

SIMMONS' infamous behavior toward his wife is still matter for profound wonderment among the neighbors. The other women had all along regarded him as a model husband, and certainly Mrs. Simmons was a most conscientious wife. She toiled and slaved for that man far more than any husband had a right to expect. And this was what she got for it.

Before she married Tom Simmons, Mrs. Simmons had been the widowed Mrs. Ford. Ford had taken a berth as donkeyman on a tramp steamer, and that steamer had gone down with all hands off the Cape; a judgment, the widow woman feared, for long years of contumacy which had culminated in the wickedness of taking to the sea, and taking to it as a donkeyman—an immeasurable fall for a capable engine-fitter. Twelve years as Mrs. Ford had left her childless, and still childless she remained as Mrs. Simmons since her second matrimonial venture.

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As for Simmons, he, it was held, was fortunate in that capable wife. He was a moderately good carpenter and joiner, but no man of the world, and he wanted to be one. Nobody could tell what might not have happened to Tommy Simmons if there had been no Mrs. Simmons to take care of him. He was a meek and quiet man, with a boyish face and sparse, limp whiskers. He had no vices, (even his pipe deserted him after his marriage), and Mrs. Simmons had engrafted on him divers exotic virtues. He went solemnly to chapel every Sunday, under a tall hat, and put a penny—one returned to him for the purpose out of his week's wages—in the plate. Then, Mrs. Simmons overseeing, he took off his best clothes and brushed them with solicitude and pains. On Saturday afternoons he cleaned the knives, the forks, the boots, the kettles, and the windows, patiently and conscientiously. On Tuesday evenings he took the clothes to the mangling. And on Saturday nights he attended Mrs. Simmons to her marketing.

Mrs. Simmons' own virtues were native and also numerous. She was a wonderful manager. Every penny of Tommy's thirty-six or thirty-eight shillings a week was bestowed to the greatest advantage, and Tommy never ventured to guess how much of it she saved. Her cleanliness in housewifery was distracting to behold. She met Simmons at the front door whenever he came home, and then and there he changed his boots for slippers, balancing himself painfully on alternate feet on the cold flags. This was because she scrubbed the passage and doorstep turn about with the wife of the downstairs family, and because the stair-carpet was her own. She vigilantly supervised her husband all through the process of "cleaning himself" after work, so as to come between her walls and random splashes.

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In the beginning she had escorted him to the ready-made clothes shop, and had selected and paid for his clothes, for the reason that men are such perfect fools, and the shopkeepers do as they like with them. But she presently improved on that. She found a man selling cheap remnants at a street corner, and straightway she conceived the idea of making Simmons' clothing herself. Decision was one of her virtues, and a suit of uproarious check tweeds was begun that afternoon from the pattern furnished by an old one. More, it was finished by Sunday, when Simmons, overcome by astonishment at the feat, was put into it, and pushed off to chapel ere he could recover his senses. The things were not altogether comfortable, he found: the trousers clung tight against his shins, but hung loose behind his heels; and when he sat, it was on a wilderness of hard folds and seams. Also his waistcoat collar tickled his neck; but his coat collar went straining across from shoulder to shoulder, while the main garment bagged generously below his waist. Use made a habit of his discomfort, but it never reconciled him to the chaff of his shopmates; for as Mrs. Simmons elaborated successive suits, each one modeled on the last, the primal accidents of her design developed into principles, and even grew bolder and more hideously pronounced. It was vain for Simmons to hint—as hint he did—that he shouldn't like her to overwork herself, tailoring being bad for the eyes. So Thomas Simmons avoided the subject, nor even murmured when she resolved to cut his hair.

His placid fortune was endured for years. Then there came a golden summer evening when Mrs. Simmons betook herself with a basket to do some small shopping, and Simmons was left at home. He washed and put away the tea things; then he fell to meditating on a new pair of trousers, finished that day and hanging behind the parlor door. There they hung, in all their decent innocence of shape in the seat, and they were shorter of leg, longer of waist, and wilder of pattern than he had ever worn before. And as he looked on them the little imp of Original Sin awoke and clamored in his breast. He was ashamed of it, of course, for well he knew the gratitude he owed his wife for those same trousers, among other blessings. Still, there the little imp was, and he was fertile in base suggestions.

"Pitch 'em in the dust bin!" said the little imp, at last; "it's all they're fit for."

Simmons turned away in sheer horror of his wicked self, and for a moment thought of washing the tea things over again by way of discipline. Then he made for the back room, but saw from the landing that the front door was standing open. So Simmons went down.

A man was loitering on the pavement, and prying curiously about the door. His face was tanned, his hands were deep in the pockets of his unbraced blue trousers, and well back on his head he wore the high-crowned peaked cap topped with a knob of wool which is affected by Jack ashore about the docks. He lurched a step nearer to the door, and "Mrs. Ford ain't in, is she?" he asked.

Simmons stared at him for a minute and five seconds, and then said, "Eh?"

"Mrs. Ford as was, then—Simmons now, ain't it?"

He said this with a furtive smile that Simmons neither liked nor understood.

"No," said Simmons, "she ain't in now."

"You ain't 'er 'usband, are ye?"

"Yes."

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The man took his pipe from his mouth and grinned silently and long. "Blimy," he said at length, "ye look the sort o' bloke she'd like"; and with that he grinned again. Then, seeing that Simmons made ready to shut the door, he put a foot on the sill and a hand against the panel. "Don't be in a 'urry, matey," he said; "I come 'ere t'ave a little talk with ye, man to man, d'ye see?" And he frowned fiercely.

Tommy Simmons felt uncomfortable, but the door would not shut, so he parleyed. "Wotjer want?" he asked. "I dunno you."

"Then, if you'll excuse the liberty, I'll interdooce meself, in a manner of speakin'." He touched his cap with a bob of mock humility. "I'm Bob Ford," he said, "come back out o' kingdom-come, so to say. Me as went down with the 'Mooltan'—safe dead five year gone. I come to see my wife."

During this speech Thomas Simmons' jaw was dropping lower and lower. At the end of it he poked his fingers up through his hair, looked down at the mat, up at the fanlight, then hard at his visitor.

"Come to see my wife," the man repeated. "So now we can talk it over—as man to man."

Simmons slowly shut his mouth and led the way upstairs mechanically, his fingers still in his hair. A sense of the state of affairs sank gradually into his brain, and the little imp woke again. Suppose this man was Ford? Suppose he did claim his wife? Would it be a knockdown blow? Would it hit him out?—or not? He thought of the trousers, the tea things, the mangling, the knives, the kettles, and the windows; and he thought of them in the way of a backslider.

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On the landing Ford clutched at his arm, and asked in a hoarse whisper: "'Ow long 'fore she's back?"

"'Bout a hour, I expect," Simmons replied. And then he opened the parlor door.

"Ah," said Ford, looking about him, "you've bin pretty comf'table. The chairs an' things"—jerking his pipe toward them—"was her's—mine, that is to say, speakin' straight, as man to man." He sat down, puffing meditatively at his pipe, and presently, "Well," he continued, "'ere I am ag'in, ol' Bob Ford, dead an' done for—gawn down in the 'Mooltan.' On'y I ain't done for, see?"—and he pointed the stem of his pipe at Simmons' waistcoat—"I ain't done for, 'cause why? Cons'kence o' bein' picked up by a ol' German sailin'-'utch an' took to 'Frisco 'fore the mast. I've 'ad a few years o' knockin' about since then, an' now"—looking hard at Simmons—"I've come back to see my wife."

"She—she don't like smoke in 'ere," said Simmons, as it were at random.

"No, I bet she don't," Ford answered, taking his pipe from his mouth and holding it low in his hand. "I know 'Anner. 'Ow d'you find 'er? Do she make ye clean the winders?"

"Well," Simmons admitted uneasily, "I—I do 'elp 'er sometimes, o' course."

"Ah! An' the knives, too, I bet, an' the bloomin' kittles. I know. W'y"—he rose and bent to look behind Simmons' head—"s'elp me, I b'lieve she cuts yer 'air! Well, I'm blowed! Jes' wot she do, too."

He inspected the blushing Simmons from divers points of vantage. Then he lifted a leg of the trousers hanging behind the door. "I'd bet a trifle," he said, "she made these 'ere trucks. Nobody else 'ud do 'em like that. For a fact—they're wuss'n wot you've got on."

The little imp began to have the argument all its own way. If this man took his wife back perhaps he'd have to wear those trousers.

Simmons began to think that this was no longer his business. Plainly, 'Anner was this other man's wife, and he was bound in honor to acknowledge the fact. The little imp put it to him as a matter of duty.

"Well," said Ford, suddenly, "time's short an' this ain't business. I won't be 'ard on ye, matey. I ought prop'ly to stand on my rights, but seein' as you're a well-meanin' young man, so to speak, an' all settled an' a-livin' 'ere quiet an' matrimonual, I'll"—this with a burst of generosity—"blame me, yes, I'll compound the felony, an' take me 'ook! Come, I'll name a figure, as man to man, fust an' last, no less an' no more. Five pounds does it."

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Simmons hadn't five pounds—he hadn't even five pence—and he said so. "An' I wouldn't think for to come between a man an' 'is wife," he added, "not on no account. It may be rough on me, but it's a dooty. I'll 'ook it."

"No," said Ford, hastily clutching Simmons by the arm, "don't do that. I'll make it a bit cheaper. Say three quid—come, that's reasonable, ain't it? Three quid ain't much compensation for me goin' away forever—where the stormy winds do blow, so to say—an' never as much as seein' my own wife ag'in for better nor wuss. Between man an' man now—three quid; and I'll shunt. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Of course, it's fair," Simmons replied, effusively. "It's more'n fair; it's noble—downright noble, I call it. But I ain't goin' to take a mean advantage o' your good 'eartedness, Mr. Ford. She's your wife, and I oughtn't to 'a' come between you. I apologize. You stop an' have your rights. It's me as ought to shunt, an' I will." And he made a step toward the door.

"'Old on," quoth Ford, and got between Simmons and the door; "don't do things rash. Look wot a loss it'll be to ye with no 'ome to go to, an' nobody to look after ye, an' all that. It'll be dreadful. Say a couple—there, we won't quarrel, jest a single quid, between man an' man, an' I'll stand a pot out o' the money. Ye can easy raise a quid—the clock 'ud pretty nigh do it. A quid does it; an' I'll——"

There was a loud double knock at the front door.

"'Oo's that?" asked Bob Ford apprehensively.

"I'll see," said Thomas Simmons, in reply, and he made a rush for the staircase.

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Bob Ford heard him open the front door. Then he went to the window, and, just below him, he saw the crown of a bonnet. It vanished, and borne to him from within the door there came to him the sound of a well-remembered female voice.

"Where ye goin' now with no 'at?"

"Awright, 'Anner—there's—there's somebody upstairs to see you," Simmons answered. And, as Bob Ford could see, a man went scuttling down the street in the dusk. And behold, it was Thomas Simmons.

Ford reached the landing in three strides. His wife was still at the front door, staring after Simmons. He hurried into the back room, threw open the window, dropped from the washhouse roof into the back yard, scrambled desperately over the fence, and disappeared into the gloom. He was seen by no living soul. And that is why Simmons' desertion—under his wife's very eyes, too—is still an astonishment to the neighbors.—From Tales of Mean Streets (published by Roberts Brothers).

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The Boomerang's Curious Flight

SOME German scientists, seeking to discover the secret of the boomerang's curious flight, caused a party of Australian natives to give an exhibition of boomerang throwing at Munster. The instruments used were of two sizes, the larger being a slender crescent about two feet long, two and a quarter inches wide, and a quarter of an inch thick, made of an extraordinarily heavy Australian ironwood. This boomerang was jerked up into the air about one hundred yards, when it flew straight away, then turned to the left and returned in a curved line back to the thrower, whirling around constantly and whizzing unpleasantly. One badly directed projectile fell through a spectator's hat with a cut as clean as that of a razor. A Weimar manufacturer, who has made some eleven thousand toy boomerangs, believes that the mystery of shape lies in the sharper curvature in the middle, with unequal length of the two arms, which must be made of equal weight by unequal thickness. The peculiarity of motion is due to the difference in the length of the arms, which diverges the curve of rotation from the circular. It is also supposed that the variation of friction from the air affects the result.

The Pocket Encyclopedia

CHIPS FROM SCIENCE'S WORKSHOP

THE roar of the lion can be heard farther than the sound of any living creature.

TEXAS will have no timber in fifteen years if the present rate of cutting one billion feet a year continues.

THERE were fought two thousand two hundred and sixty-one engagements during the War of the Rebellion.

THE average weight of the brain of the Chinaman is greater than that of any other race on the globe except the Scotch.

IN PROPORTION to the numbers engaged, Waterloo was the bloodiest battle of modern times. Over thirty-five per cent. of the men engaged were killed or wounded.

A GOLD-WEIGHING machine in the Bank of England is so sensitive that a postage-stamp dropped on the scale will turn the index on the dial a distance of two inches.

SOMEONE who has tried it says that if two or three dandelion leaves be chewed before going to bed they will induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried one may be.

A MEDICAL scientist states that dismal weather has a bad effect upon the reasoning powers as well as upon the spirits. He says the deductions made on cloudy days often prove to be faulty.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION and three other French astronomers will make, for the Paris exhibition in 1900, a model of the moon—a model on such an enormous scale that balloon journeys will be made around it.

SCIENCE calculates that a bee, to obtain a single grain of sugar, has to insert its proboscis into five hundred clover-tubes; and every pound of honey represents two million and a half clover-tubes sucked by bees.

A WRITER, in a Paris medical journal, asserts that sedentary occupations predispose to tuberculosis more than any others. Among English and Italian students, he asserts, 459 deaths out of 1000 are due to this cause.

DIAMONDS may be black as well as white, and some are blue, red, brown, yellow, green, pink, and orange; but there is no violet diamond, although, in addition to amethysts, there are sapphires, rubies, and garnets of that color.

THE Russian courts have reversed the assumption of the American tribunals, that when a husband and wife are drowned in the same disaster the wife dies first. The Russian doctors have testified unanimously that the man would be the first to die, because the woman is more agile and keeps herself longer above water.

PLACED end to end in a continuous line, the streets of London would extend from the Mansion House across the entire Continent of Europe, and beyond the Ural Mountains into Asia. The number of inhabitants exceeds the populations of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome put together. And yet London is one of the healthiest cities in the world.

IN ORDINARY chemical analysis one hundred-and-twentieth of a grain approaches nearly the lowest limit of practical determination. The spectroscope, however, is so sensitive that it can tell the presence of a substance when the quantity is nearly two million times less than this, or one two-hundred-and-forty-millionth of a grain.

THE Hôtel des Invalides in Paris is a Royal charity. Before the establishment of this institution, retired veterans of the French army received no pensions, but were granted permission to beg in the highways. At the Hôtel, all veterans who have served their term in the army are supported in a style of simple elegance difficult to describe.

THE theory of evolution has revolutionized botany. We look now upon a flower, not as an independent creation, but as a form which began centuries ago in a more primitive outline, and has adapted its shape to the present. We look upon the flower from the point of view of structural botany, and then from that of philosophical botany, or what we may call the Darwinian point of view.

THE Government is testing a new plan for signaling at sea, which has already yielded remarkable results. It consists merely of an ordinary gong fastened to the bow of the ship below the water-line. This acts as a transmitter, and the receivers are gongs of exactly similar tone and rate of vibration, one on each side of the ship below the water-line. The receiving-gong will take up and reproduce the sound of the sending-gong from a long distance. Signals already have been clearly transmitted ten miles.

THE astonishing and inhuman possibility of building up living animals from parts of several animals has been demonstrated by Dr. C. Born, a German physiologist. The experiments were made with tadpoles and other larvæ of amphibians. Each of these was cut in two, and different parts were placed together in various ways, when some of them united, the hinder more readily than the fore parts. Two hinder parts, each with or without a heart, united in twenty-four hours, the monstrosity living and growing for a week or more.

Songs Unsung

By Ernest McGaffey

SWEET the song of the thrush at dawning,
When the grass lies wet with spangled dew;
Sweet the sound of the brook's low whisper
Mid reeds and rushes wandering through;
Clear and pure is the west wind's murmur
That croons in the branches all day long;
But the songs unsung are the sweetest music
And the dreams that die are the soul of song.

The fairest hope is the one which faded,
The brightest leaf is the leaf that fell;
The song that leaps from the lips of sirens
Dies away in an old sea-shell.
Far to the heights of viewless fancy
The soul's swift flight like a swallow goes,
For the note unheard is the bird's best carol
And the bud unblown is the reddest rose.

Deepest thoughts are the ones unspoken,
That only the heart seese, listening, hears;
Most great joys bring a touch of silence,
Greatest grief is in unshed tears.
What we hear is the fleeting echo;
A song dies out, but a dream lives on;
The rose-red tints of the rarest morning
Are lingering yet in a distant dawn.

Somewhere, dim in the days to follow
And far away in the life to-be,
Passing sweet, is a song of gladness—
The spirit-chant of the soul set free.
Chords untouched are the ones we wait for—
That never rise from the harp unstrung;
We turn our steps to the years beyond us,
And listen still for the songs unsung.

—Poems (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

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Family Names of Royalties

NOT one person out of a thousand, if he had a fair day's start and the privilege of rummaging among encyclopedias, could trace out the real family names of the rulers of Europe. They are very complicated, and to know them is quite an effort of the memory. In the case of royalty the family name has been in most cases taken from the name of the castle in which the founder of the race lived. Mistakes are very frequently made through ignorance, and these mistakes are so frequently quoted they become accepted as facts. The English Royal family are known, for example, as Guelphs, the Russian Royal family as Romanoffs, and the Portuguese Kingly house as Braganzas. All of these, it now seems, are wrong.

Le Figaro, of Paris, has gone into this subject quite extensively, and the facts that it has brought together are well worth setting down. Queen Victoria, according to this authority, was originally Miss Azon, or Miss Azon von Este. She was descended, as were the other members of the house of Brunswick-Luneburg and Hanover, from Azon, Margrave of Este. The Prince of Wales, the son of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, has naturally his father's family name. He is spoken of more correctly than any of the other Royal personages of Europe. Descended from the Wettins, which line was founded in the twelfth century, his actual name is Albert Edward Wettin.

Likewise the King of Portugal, strictly speaking, has the same family name. He was a grandson of another Prince of Coburg, who married the then Queen of Portugal, and thereby became ruler of that country. Ferdinand of Bulgaria comes from exactly the same stock, and is Ferdinand Wettin. A cousin of his, and of the same family name, is the present monarch of Belgium, Leopold II, a prince of Saxe-Coburg having ascended the Belgian throne in 1831.

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Hohenzollern is not the family name of the German line that is now upon the throne. Their true name is Zollern, Thassilon, the first Count of Zollern having founded the race about 800. In the year 1300 the Zollern family had two male descendants, the Count of Zollern and the Burgrave of Nuremberg. From the latter comes the present Royal house of the German Empire. So William II is William Zollern. The King of Roumania is another representative of this line, and has precisely the same name.

The Capets are: The Duke of Orleans, the son of the old Count of Paris; Don Carlos and Alphonso XIII, the infant King of Spain. Their progenitor was Hugues Capet, the original Count of Paris, who ascended the throne of France in 987.

Of Oldenburgs, founded by the Count of Oldenburg, who died in 1440, there are many. The chief of those to-day who are entitled to use this family name are Christian IX of Denmark; George I, King of Greece; the Grand Duke of Oldenburg; Ernest, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and Nicholas II, Emperor of all the Russias. Emperor Nicholas is a Romanoff only through the female line. Rightly he is an Oldenburg, having descended from Peter III, a member of one of the Holstein branches of that house.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Hungary; the Queen Regent of Spain, and Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden, are Ethichons. The original Ethichon was a Duke of Alsace, who lived about the year 614. Humbert, King of Italy, is Mr. Savoia, and Oscar II, of Sweden, Bernadotte. The original of this name was a French general, who was made King of Sweden in 1818, and was called Charles XIV. Pope Leo XIII's real name is Joachim Pecci. Alexander I, of Servia, has the name of Obrenowitch, and Nicholas I, of Montenegro, is Mr. Niegoch.

Just a Literary Sky-Rocket

MISS ASCOTT'S BRIEF SOCIAL CAREER

By Walter Besant

CHAPTER I

TOGETHER they walked in the long June twilight across the fields. They were not very nice fields; the path was composed of cinders and clinkers; the ragged hedge was broken down in parts; there were occasional patches on which green things refused to grow. There was, however, a shallow ditch running beside the dilapidated hedge which contained unsavory mud. And these things on a warm evening in June suggested the country.

They walked side by side, as they always had done. The young man held the girl's hand; he did not press it, nor lift it to his lips, nor go off into interjections over it; he simply held it. She, who was quite accustomed to this assertion of authority, or submission, as you will, made no objection, and did not withdraw her hand. He walked in silence. Why should he desire to talk? He just liked to be with her; sometimes to look at her; to let her talk as much as she liked, but not to follow her when she went off into dreams. For he was twenty-four, and a clerk in a big house of business, and he lived all day in a world where nothing happens—not even the unexpected.

Therefore, this young man looked forward to a life—he knew no other—of low standards, though this he would not admit to himself; to a small income and thrifty ways. He was a steady young man who always had a solid book going, in which he read slowly, without taking the slightest interest in the contents. He thought that a course of reading in miscellaneous subjects, none of which attracted him, raised him to the level of those who improved themselves. He was a good-looking young man, with regular features and the appearance of responsibility. In fact, he felt no temptations, and was profoundly uninteresting—even tiresome.

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The girl, however, was quite unlike him. She moved as if her feet were springs; she walked as if she were dancing; she talked as if she were singing; she laughed at her own thoughts like a thrush. She was nearly as tall as her companion, who was five feet ten. She was certainly not pretty, because she had not a single good feature in her face, except, perhaps, her eyes, which were quick and bright; but she was attractive when she was animated, and she generally was animated. Her dress was quiet and in better taste, perhaps, than was found with most of the young ladies who went to the same suburban church on Sunday, and lived in the little villas, jerry-built, precarious, bravely facing the suburban gales with their crumbling bricks, with sand for mortar, rubbish for foundations, and laths for party-walls.

Her name—a ridiculous name, but in the matter of names people are so—was Ariadne. The girl thought it a pretty name, and much finer than Muriel, Gladys and Dorothy—names which decorated most of the girls she knew. Ariadne—a poetical name. She knew nothing of the story belonging to that deserted nymph. She admired her name as most girls admire their faces; she wrote it down and looked at it, as most girls look in the glass. And, as Ariadne does not go well with Samuel, which was her lover's name, there was a secret understanding between them that when they were alone he was to be Cyril instead of Sam.

"Cyril," she was saying, "there are worlds upon worlds all around us, and here we know nothing about them. I'm not discontented with my lot, but I wish I could see some of them sometimes."

"You wouldn't like them, Ariadne."

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"How do you know? Besides, I didn't say I should like them. I said that I want to see them. I want to see the people that the papers talk about."

"They are just like ourselves."

"No, they're not, dear boy. I know better than that. They don't dress like us; nor talk like us; nor live like us. I want to see the great ladies and the fine ladies, the artists and the poets and the actors——"

"It's no use without money."

"I want the money, too. I want to go and live among them and be one of them. Just for two or three years, Cyril. Just to understand what it is like. And then to come back again to this stupid old suburb, and the stupid old people, and the stupid old——"

"Sam," he whispered, pressing her hand.

"Cyril," she corrected him.

"And then we would be married, wouldn't we? Perhaps I shall be drawing a hundred and fifty, if I am lucky."

"Married? Oh! Well, we would see about that. You know, Cyril, I have always told you that I could never marry a man whom I did not respect for his intellect. He must be my superior, otherwise I could not think of marrying him."

"Of course." This young man knew not the language of compliment, nor even the commonest word in it, nor the declensions of it, nor the conjugations of it. "Of course, I know that."

"To be sure, you do improve yourself."

"I am now, Ariadne," he said, proudly, "in the heart of Humboldt's Cosmos."

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CHAPTER II

IT HAS been pointed out that the author is not invited nor called upon by the public to write; he is not sent for like the lawyer and the physician. That is because he offers himself unasked and in far greater numbers than are wanted.

In the autumn of 1893, there were produced, among other works of deathless interest, four hundred novels, most of which remain still unnoticed. With these appeared a story on whose title-page was the single name, "Ariadne."

If you were to read that book now you would lay it down with a feeling that it was a crude and early piece of work, badly constructed, the dialogue managed without skill, and the story naught. It is now four years since that book was written, and the glamour has quite gone out of it. The pages charm no one. It is not asked for; you can buy it for next to nothing; it will soon drop into the five-cent box. Why, then, one asks, was there so great, so immediate a run upon it? The clever critic set down the fact to the bad taste of the reading public; the man who understands that the bad taste of the public never by any chance sends that public after feeble writers, took up the book to find out for himself the reason of its popularity. He read it through; the magic of the book seized him; he forgot altogether his purpose in reading the book; he forgot to ask why; and he never stopped until he had reached the end. Then he laid it down with a sigh, and left the task of answering that question to anybody who chose. Every now and then such a book appears; it succeeds; the only explanation of its success is that it possesses some mysterious charm of its own which seizes upon the reader and holds him tight, almost against his will, as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest.

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Every year at least two, and generally three, reputations in fiction are made. The writer of Ariadne made her reputation by that book. Nobody had ever heard her name; nobody knew anything about her at all. But her book, which had begun by creeping, went on to run, to leap, to gallop, through the editions. The publisher, who had begun by being grumpy, became first cheerful, then beaming; he had been overbearing at first, with the take-it-or-leave-it manner which belongs to one who confers a doubtful benefit and incurs a possible loss; he became kindly, friendly, affectionate, even deferential. He gave a dinner-party one evening. The author of Ariadne was the guest of the evening. Her name, it appeared, was Ariadne Ascott. She was still quite young, not more than two-and-twenty; she was full of animation; she was new to society, and frankly owned her ignorance; she could not talk of new books, because she had read none; nor of poets, because she knew none; nor of art, because she had hardly ever seen any pictures. She accepted admiration, however, with evident joy. "It is new to me," she said. "You cannot tell me too often how you like my poor little book." There was in her face, in her manner, something of the glamour of her book.

"I reviewed it in the Daily Train," said one of her admirers. "I fell to the ground and worshiped it, as I should worship the author. Miss Ascott, you have made, believe me, the most brilliant contribution to literature we have enjoyed for a generation."

"I suppose," he said to another man at the club that night, "that it is all right about the boom of Ariadne. No fooling, eh? Because, you know, I have heard——"

"So have I. But in this case it is all right. I know the printer."

"She'll make a pile of money."

"My dear fellow, nothing to what she'll make by her second book. I hear they are wiring across the Atlantic to secure her at any price. Man, she's an heiress. She lives at the Langham; she's got three rooms and a maid, and is spending the money as fast as she makes it."

Thus, you see, Heaven does sometimes hear our prayers. Ariadne desired to see the worlds. Her desire was gratified.

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CHAPTER III

SUNDAY afternoon. Ariadne's room was crowded with callers. She was standing in the midst of a circle; the room was filled with laughter and whispers and the buzz of conversation. Suddenly, as she looked round, she flushed scarlet. In the doorway stood, awkward, embarrassed, her lover Samuel—alias Cyril. She stepped quickly across the room. "Cyril," she said, "this is very good of you. Wait till the people are gone, and we will talk."

He obeyed; he stood in the room, unnoticed; he watched the girl transformed. Was that Ariadne? his own Ariadne, this vision of floating lace and white silk, holding her own, an equal, among these fine ladies and these men whose faces were not like the faces of the counting-house?

Presently the people began to go away. They all had something to say as they went.

It was her editor. "Miss Ascott, we are longing to begin the new story."

It was a lady whose name was known everywhere. "Dear Ariadne, you must take the chair at the Dinner of Women: that is agreed."

It was the critic. He was the last. He whispered, "And the answer—when will you give me an answer?"

"I don't know, indeed. When my new story is out. You must wait till then——"

"But—if I may only hope——"

"We can all hope. Good-by."

The critic retired.

When they were all gone, Samuel stepped forward. "Oh," he said, "if you knew how dull it is at home! Are you never coming back, Ariadne?"

"Why should I?" she replied, cruelly. "Look round you, Samuel"—she called him Samuel, and it sank into his heart. "You see all these people. They are the leaders in literature and art. Should I give up their friendship? What have you to offer me in return?"

"Nothing," the poor young man groaned. "Nothing—and yet——"

"Cyril," she stopped him, relenting at sight of his pitiful face, "I told you that I could never marry a man whose intellect was not greater than my own. You see what I have achieved—a book that all the world is reading. What intellectual effort can you show beside that great victory?"

"I am still," he said appealingly, "in the midst of Humboldt's Cosmos."

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CHAPTER IV

IN THE smoking-room of the club again.

"I hear," said one, "that the new story of the Ariadne woman is a frost—dead frost. There's a shameless puff of it in The Lamp-Post; but, of course——"

"Of course."

"Nobody buys it; nobody reads it. She's done for."

"I wonder she didn't marry. She talks well and gets up well. They say she isn't quite—but I don't know. At one time they said that you——"

"Well, a good many, I dare say, at the outset, when we all went down and worshiped her first rubbish, were attracted. As for me, I had a chance of reading the proof of the second book. I withdrew at once from the running." This was the critic who had pressed for an answer. "I saw that the writer had nothing left in her. Up like a rocket, you know—one blaze of light—then down again, unnoticed."

"I'm sorry."

"I don't see why you should be. She's had her run; she has been accepted for a genius; she went everywhere; she will have a splendid time to remember."

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CHAPTER V

ARIADNE stood once more in the old familiar side road leading off the main road of the cheap suburb. The little gardens in front of the houses were filled with laburnum, lilac and lime-trees; the time was June; the air was fragrant; the leaves were fresh and green; the place looked pretty. The sweet breath of spring banished the associations of poverty, and dullness, and monotony, and hid the stuccoed fronts.

"About this time," said Ariadne, "my Samuel should be coming home." In fact, at that moment he turned out of the main road. He was walking heavily, with eyes cast down. When in the sweet spring season his mind lightly turned to thoughts of love the vision of the lost Ariadne arose before his eyes and saddened him.

Ariadne herself stepped out into the road and met him.

"You, Ariadne?" He started.

"I told you," she said, "three years ago, that I wanted to go away and see those other worlds—and then come back."

"Ariadne?" He hardly understood that she was actually with him once more.

"Both prayers," she said, "have been granted. I have lived among the other people. I am deserted and forsaken. So I have come back."

"Ariadne?"

"I have come back," she said, "to a man whose intellect I respect above my own."

"Oh, but you are a great author!"

"I wrote one book that everybody praised; another that everybody abused; and a third that nobody will look at. They are all three dead and buried and forgotten. On the other hand, you are still——"

"Still in Humboldt's Cosmos, Ariadne."

"He is an author who is abiding—satisfying. They don't forsake their Humboldt. They don't call him a sky-rocket. I have come back to read, with you, dear Cyril, Humboldt's Cosmos."—From the Illustrated London News.

The Magic Touch of Individuality

THE POWER THAT MAKES ORIGINALITY

By Emile Zola

I KNOW some novelists who write very correctly, and who have finally obtained very great literary renown. They are very industrious, they approach all kinds of literature with the same facility. Phrases flow from their pens without any difficulty, and it is their practice to throw off five or six hundred lines every morning before breakfast. And, I repeat, their work is very good, there is nothing lame about the grammar, the movement is excellent, color appears at times in these pages which seem to say to the public, which is dumb with respect: "This is prettily written." In a word, these novelists have all the appearance of a genuine talent.

It is their misfortune to be without any individual expression, and that is enough to make them forever commonplace. It is no use for them to amass volume after volume, employing and abusing their incredible fecundity; they will never remove from their books the nauseous odor of still-born works. The more they produce the more the pile becomes mildewed. Their correct grammar, their perfectly proper prose, their polished style may fool the public at large for a shorter or longer time; but all this will not suffice to keep their books alive, and will have no weight in the final judgment passed upon them by competent readers. They have no individual note, and so they are condemned and gradually forgotten.

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These novelists acquire the style which is in the air around them. They catch the phrases which are flying about them. Their phrases never emerge from their personality, and they write as if some one from behind were dictating to them; and it is for that reason, perhaps, that they only need to turn on the faucet to obtain their productions. I do not say that they plagiarize from this man, or that they steal whole pages from their companions; on the contrary, they are so fluent, so superficial that one cannot find any strong characteristic in their writing, not even that of some illustrious master. Only without copying they have, instead of a creative brain, an immense storehouse filled with well-known phrases, current expressions, a kind of mean of the common style. This storehouse is inexhaustible, shovelfuls may be taken out with which to cover paper. Here it comes, and here it comes again. Always, always shovelfuls of cold and dull material which crowd the columns of the newspapers and the pages of books.

On the other hand, let us look at a novelist who has an individual note; for instance, Alphonse Daudet.* I take this writer because he is one of those who live in their works. Alphonse Daudet is present at a spectacle, at a scene of any kind. As he possesses the sense of reality, he is struck with this scene, and he retains a very vivid impression of it. Years may roll by—the brain preserves the image; time but makes it sink in more deeply. It ends by becoming a possession; the writer must communicate it, must give back what he has seen and retained. Then a phenomenon takes place, the creation of an original work. At first it is resurrection: Alphonse remembers what he has seen, and he sees the characters again with their gestures, the horizons with their lines. He feels that he must give back all this. From that moment he acts his characters; he lives in their surroundings; he falls into a passion in which he confounds his own personality with the personality of the beings and even with the things he wishes to depict. He ends by becoming one with his work in the sense that he becomes absorbed in it, and at the same time rescues it for the sake of the story. In this intimate union the reality of the scene and the personality of the novelist are no longer distinct. Which are the absolutely true details and which are invented? This would be very difficult to say. What is certain, though, is that reality has been the starting point, the propelling force which has powerfully started the novelist; he has then continued the reality; he has extended the scene in the same way, giving it a special life and one which belongs to him, Alphonse Daudet, alone. The whole machinery of originality is there in this personal expression of a real world which surrounds us, and of which we are a part.

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Alphonse Daudet's charm, this wonderful charm which has won for him a place in our present literature, comes from the original flavor which he gives to the most insignificant phrase. He cannot relate a fact, present a character, without putting himself entirely into this fact or into this character, with the vivacity of his irony, the sweetness of his tenderness. You can tell one of his pages among a hundred others, because his pages have a life of their own. He is an enchanter, one of those Southern story-tellers who act what they relate, with gestures and a voice which creates.

All becomes alive under their open hands; everything takes a color, a smell, and a sound. They cry and laugh with their heroes; they thee and thou them—in fact, make them so real that you see them standing before you.

How is it possible for such works not to move the public? They are alive. Open them and you will feel them palpitating in your hands. It is the real world: and it is even more, it is the real world inhabited by a writer of an originality both exquisite and intense. He can choose a subject more or less happy, treat it in a way more or less complete: the work will not be less precious because it will be unique, because he alone can give it that turn, that accent, that existence. The book is thin; that is sufficient. It will be classed some day; but it is no less a book by itself, a real living being. You are stirred up, you like or you do not like; no one remains indifferent. You no longer question about grammar or rhetoric, and you no longer have merely a package of printed paper under your eyes; a man is there, a man whose heart-beats and brain-workings are heard at each word. You abandon yourself to him, because he has become the master; because he has the strength of reality and the all-powerful note of individuality.

Do you now understand the radical powerlessness of certain modern novelists? They never take possession of and hold their readers, for they do not feel and they do not reproduce in an original manner. You will vainly search in their works for a new impression, explained in an original phrase. When they employ certain modes of expression, when they gather up here and there happy phrases, these phrases, so full of life in another, with them have an empty sound; underneath all there is not a man who has truly felt and who transplants the same by a creative effort; there is a manipulator of words, opening the faucet of his production. And it is no use for them to apply themselves, to wish to write well, thinking that you can make a fine book as you do a fine pair of boots, with more or less care; they will never bring forth a living work. Nothing can replace the sense of reality and the personal expression. When they do not possess these gifts they might much better go out and sell candles than meddle with writing novels.—From The Experimental Novel (Cassell Publishing Company).

*Written before the death of Daudet.

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Every-Day Life in Egypt

IT IS a novel sight to an American, when first arriving in Egypt, to see men wearing gowns which sometimes touch the ground, red or yellow slippers on their feet, and red caps, green, yellow, or white turbans, or, perhaps, an old shawl wound around the head, and falling down upon the shoulders. The boys are just as picturesque as the grown people. They are darker in color than American or English boys, and in the northern part of Egypt they have light brown skin, black hair, thick lips, black or brown eyes, straight eyebrows, and very regular white teeth. In fact, a traveler always notices that, no matter how dirty a boy's clothes may be, his teeth are white and glistening. We often wondered how they kept them so white, and found that they were fond of chewing sugar cane, which, perhaps, helps to polish the teeth. They also take great care of their finger-nails, and stain them red, which makes a pretty contrast with their brown hands.

Their costumes are different in Cairo and Alexandria from what they are farther south; but in those cities boys under twelve years of age wear a white cotton shirt and drawers, and over them a long sack with flowing sleeves. This garment is made of either colored calico or white or blue muslin, and is sometimes belted at the waist with a cord or sash; but generally it hangs loose from the shoulders, and is open at the throat.

Some boys run around barefooted, even in cold weather, but many wear white cotton socks, and red or yellow slippers without any heels. These slippers only come over the toe, and flap up and down with every step; but in some way the boys manage to keep them on their feet and run just as fast as the boys of any other land.

Many of the small boys wear white cotton caps embroidered with needlework; others wear white muslin wound around the head. But the larger boys wear a red felt cap, with a long black tassel, which they call a fez. The older boys dress more gayly, and wear beautiful red or black sleeveless jackets embroidered in gold or silver, over the white cotton gown, which is belted at the waist by a bright silk sash. Others wear very loose baggy trousers, made of blue or crimson woolen cloth, with a jacket of the same, handsomely braided, which makes a very becoming costume.

The boys are taught, when very young, to be very polite and make many bows, which are called "salaams," and they are very courteous when they meet grown people. We shall always remember with pleasure a little six-year-old boy who came into the room where we were sitting, and, though his dress was only a homely calico sack, his manners were most charming. There were eight ladies in the room, but he was not at all embarrassed. He walked up to one of them, took her right hand in his right hand, kissed it, and then raised it to his forehead. Then he moved on to the next lady and greeted her in the same way, and then to the next one, until he had taken us all by the hand, when he seated himself cross-legged on the floor and listened to the conversation.

When a boy goes to bed at night he does not sleep on a bedstead, but spreads a mat or comfortable on the floor and then lies down, and covers himself with a blanket.

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Some of the most amusing boys that one sees in Egypt are what are called the "donkey boys," and travelers find them very entertaining. People ride a great deal on donkeys, and a man or boy usually goes along to guide them. Sometimes the boys are little fellows not more than eight years old, and speak very broken English. They are very observant, though, and know whether the traveler is an American or an Englishman, and name their donkeys to suit the passenger.

The donkeys look quite fine indeed with strings of beads or coins around their necks, and stand in a row by the sidewalks, waiting for passengers. If a boy sees a stranger looking at them, he calls out, "Nice donkey. Vara nice, fast donkey, Mellican man, 'General Gordon,' 'General Grant,'" or some other familiar name. If you decide to take a ride, before you are fully settled in the saddle the boy gives the donkey a crack with a pointed stick, and away you go as fast as the poor little animal can trot, the boy running along by your side and giving the donkey a thrust or a blow every few minutes.

After the boy has been with you a while he is very apt to come to your side, and, with the most engaging smile, hold out his hand and say, "Good donkey, good Mellican donkey, vara fast Mellican donkey, bakhsheesh; bakhsheesh!" which means that he expects that you will give him some extra money for the very good "Mellican donkey."—Sunday School Times.

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Condemned Books

THE INDEX EXPURGATORIUS, says the New York Sun, is a volume of four hundred and nineteen pages, and contains the titles of nearly twenty thousand volumes which the Roman Church forbids the faithful to read. Eight thousand authors are named in it. Everything that Renan wrote is condemned, but only the more profane, from a Roman Catholic standpoint, of Voltaire's works appear in the index. Taine's History of English Literature is under the ban, but his studies on the French Revolution are omitted from the list of prohibited books by the wish of Leo XIII. All of Cousin's works are condemned, but only four of Lamartine. For obvious reasons Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew and The Mysteries of Paris are both forbidden reading. The Index contains a complete catalogue of the works of both the elder and younger Dumas, but only two of Victor Hugo's books are found in it—Les Miserables and Notre Dame de Paris. There are two Zolas in the Index—one is the author of Rome, the other is a theologian of the last century not so well known.

It is an every-day occurrence, says the Venetian correspondent of The London Globe, to make a catalogue to fit a library, but it is a very unusual one to make a library to fit a catalogue! But this is what it is now proposed to do in Italy, by the Minister of Public Instruction. The catalogue exists, it is a very extensive one, and it is unique. Its compilation has been the work of fourteen centuries, and it is still being added to at the present time. This catalogue was begun under Pope Gellatius in 494, and is none other than the famous Index, or list of forbidden books referred to above.

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A nucleus for such a library already exists in a room in the National Library of Florence. It consists of nine thousand volumes, chiefly connected with the Reformation in Italy, collected by a nobleman and presented by him to his native city. The municipality of Florence was anti-clerical enough to accept the gift, but not enough so to give the books public honor by placing them publicly on the shelves, so for many years they were stowed away in the attics, and it is only quite lately that they have at last received a worthy resting-place. These books are all in the Index, and it is now proposed to gather round this nucleus all the numbers of prohibited books which are known to be in existence in safe hiding. Many there are scattered about the world, in private libraries, in odd nooks and corners, which would quickly come to light were it known they would find sure keeping in this novel library, which would certainly be the most curious and unique one among the famous libraries of the world.

Told of the Preachers

COMPILED FROM MANY SOURCES

THE CHAPLAIN'S FEAR.—In a storm at sea the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "Why," replied the sailor, "if this continues we shall all be in Heaven before to-morrow morning." The chaplain, horrified, cried out, "The Lord forbid!"

THE RICH AND THE POOR.—Not long ago a London preacher indulged in a little bit of sarcasm over a small collection. And he did it very neatly in a preface to his sermon on the following Sunday. "Brethren," he said, "our collection last Sunday was a very small one. When I look at this congregation I say to myself, Where are the poor? but as I looked at the collection when we counted it, I exclaimed, Where are the rich?"

PRECEDENCE.—A dispute about precedence once arose upon a circuit between a Bishop and a Judge; and after some altercation the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage: "For on these two hang all the law and the prophets." "Do you not see," said the Judge, in triumph, "that even in this passage we are mentioned first?" "I grant you," replied the Bishop; "you hang first."

PITHY APPEAL.—A certain reverend gentleman in London, having to preach a charity sermon, said nothing on the subject until the sermon was ended. He then told the congregation that this was a mere matter of business, and as such he would talk of it. They knew as well as he that they had certain poor to provide for, who looked to their purses. He then read the text—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord"—and added, "If you approve of your security, down with your money."

PLACATING SAINT AND FIEND.—An old woman, on the day devoted to Saint Michael the Archangel, going to a church in Paris, where there was a representation of that Saint discomfiting the fiend, put one large taper close to Saint Michael and another close to the fiend. "Woman!" exclaimed the priest, "you are making an offering to the fiend; you know not what you do." "I know what I am doing well enough," was the reply; "but as I do not certainly know where I am going, it is as well to have a friend in both places."

IDEA OF ETERNITY.—A Salvation Army preacher, in one of his talks, exclaimed to his hearers: "Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I, either, hardly. It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast-time."

A BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE.—A very vain preacher having delivered a sermon in the hearing of the Rev. Robert Hall, pressed him, with a mixture of self-complacency and indelicacy, to state what he thought of the sermon. Mr. Hall remained silent for some time, hoping that his silence would be rightly interpreted; but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. At length Mr. Hall admitted, "There was one very fine passage." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray, sir, which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

THE BISHOP'S TRIUMPH.—The late Bishop Selwyn delighted to tell the following racy incident in his varied experience: While Bishop of Litchfield he was walking one day in the Black Country, and observing a group of colliers seated by the roadside in a semicircle, with a brass kettle in front of them, inquired what was going on. "Why, Yer Honor," replied a grave-looking member, "it's a sort of wager. Yon kettle is a prize for the fellow who can tell the biggest lie, and I am the umpire." Amazed and shocked, the good Bishop said reprovingly, "Why, my friends, I have never told a lie that I know of since I was born." There was a dead silence, only broken by the voice of the umpire, who said in a deliberate tone, "Gie the bishop the kettle."

DOCTOR BARROW AND LORD ROCHESTER.—Among other instances of Dr. Isaac Barrow's wit, the following set-to between him and the profligate Lord Rochester is related, in which the Doctor certainly had the best of it: These two gentlemen meeting one day at Court, while Barrow was King's Chaplain in Ordinary, Rochester, thinking to banter him, accosted him with a flippant air and a low, formal bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." Barrow, perceiving his drift, returned the salute with, "My Lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester, improving on this, quickly returned it with, "Doctor, I am yours to the centre"; which was as smartly followed up by Barrow with "My Lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Upon which Rochester, piqued at being foiled by one he called "a musty old piece of divinity," exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of the nether world"; upon which Barrow, turning on his heel, archly replied, "There, my Lord, I leave you."

Endurance

By Elizabeth Akers

HOW much the heart may bear and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings out cod more nigh,
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still—
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But think it must be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn:
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne.—Poems.

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Pantomime in a Courtroom

THE attorney was serving the Commonwealth of Ohio and the County of Vinton in the capacity of Prosecuting Attorney at the little town of McArthur. He then bore rather a youthful appearance for a man holding so responsible a position.

The most conspicuous personage known to the Vinton bar, at that time, was a grave and pompous barrister from a neighboring town—a man who had reached the middle age of life, and with it an extensive practice, profitable alike in fame and pecuniary gain; a man whose eloquence bent juries to his will, and whose logic pinned them fast; whose inventive and pointed sarcasm blanched the cheek of the witness or the prisoner, as might be necessary to gain the case, and was alike dreaded and hated by his fellow-practitioners. The attorney referred to is living yet, one of the most prominent jurists in Southern Ohio. His ability has not diminished, nor his knowledge that he possesses ability.

One day the young prosecutor had a riot case to try, and to his consternation he learned that the gentleman referred to had been retained by the defense. The prosecutor handled his case with great care, but from the first did not hope to convict the prisoner. He was stirred up somewhat, however, by the sneering allusions made to him during the examination, by the imported counsel, and so, when he came to make his opening speech, he indulged a little in bombast himself. He expected to be torn up somewhat by the imported counsel, but was unprepared for the simoom that swept through the courtroom when the counsel got fairly under way.

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He paced up and down in front of the judge; he sawed the air in front of the jurors; he shook his finger in the face of the young prosecutor and shivered in imaginary horror at the thought of so youthful a man undertaking to measure swords with him. The voice was loud and bitter in its denunciation; the gesticulations were violent and demonstrative; the manner threatening and awe-inspiring; and with face of scorn he sat down with folded arms and awaited the verdict which he did not suppose they dared to refuse.

The young prosecutor was angry. He felt he would like to thrash the imported counsel out of his boots. He arose to his feet, uncertain for a moment what to do. A happy thought struck him, and, throwing his head back, he cast his left arm behind him and thrust his right hand in the breast of his vest, while under overarching eyebrows he scowled out at the jury. The jury understood in an instant. So did the Judge, so did the spectators. There was the familiar pose of the imported counsel, perfect in its imitation. Then the young prosecutor began, and, without opening his lips, proceeded to copy the gesticulations and movements of the eminent attorney who had preceded him. He snorted, and cavorted, and stamped, and rolled his eyes. He strode up and down in front of the judge and jury, following in his gesticulations precisely those they had just seen.

He shook his finger menacingly under the nose of the eminent gentleman, and then, assuming the statesman-like pose, he looked down upon him disdainfully. Then he would stop and twirl on his finger a martingale-ring, which he had drawn from his pocket, and which was intended to represent the large seal ring on the small finger of the left hand of the opposing counsel.

It was too much. The eminent attorney appealed to the Court for protection, while the Judge laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, and the jury and spectators chuckled audibly.

The Judge replied that the young man had done nothing, had said nothing to him, and he did not feel called upon to interfere with the argument. That settled it. The imported counsel broke for the door, and the jury, after fifteen minutes' absence, brought in a verdict of guilty.—The Columbus Times.

The Child that Played the Spy

WHEN PARIS WAS BESIEGED BY THE GERMANS

By Alphonse Daudet

IT WAS at the siege of Paris during the great war between France and Germany in 1870-71. The boy's name was Stenne, but he was usually called "Little Stenne" from his diminutive size. He was a true child of the city; thin and pale, and though his appearance would rather indicate ten years of age, he might have been fifteen.

His mother was dead, while his father, who had at one time been in the army, now acted as the superintendent of a public square. In the line of his duty the elder Stenne had become familiar with all the regular frequenters of the place, and everybody liked him. In time the majority of the visitors to the square came to understand that if they particularly wanted to please the old soldier they had only to ask: "Well, Father Stenne, how's your little boy?"

For never was son more beloved than that of this fierce-mustached veteran. And never was he so happy as when little Stenne used to come to the square and they wandered up and down its shady walks.

This condition of things, however, did not continue long after the great siege began. The square watched over by old Stenne was ordered to be closed, and was made a storehouse for petroleum. The dangerous character of this material necessitated constant vigilance on his part, and not only deprived him of his pipe, for it was forbidden to smoke there, but also of the companionship of his boy. Still it could by no means be said that the latter shared his father's discontent. Young Stenne actually liked the changed state of affairs, for it opened up a new life to him. There was no more going to school. No more lessons. It was a constant vacation; the streets crowded with people had the appearance of an endless holiday.

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His father being employed during the day, the boy was left to do what he would with himself from morning to night. And how he did run about! Now he took long excursions to the ramparts of the city, following up some battalion of troops on their way thither to the enlivening music of the regimental band. At another time he went off to the drilling places to watch the new recruits going through their exercises.

But nothing he met in his wanderings had such fascination for him as the boys who used to gamble for pennies in a secluded spot not far from his father's square, but hidden from general observation. He had no means of taking part in the games himself—but how he did watch the others! There was one boy in particular, a big fellow, who wore a blue blouse, that seemed to him to fairly roll in wealth. When he moved from side to side it was actually possible to hear the money clinking in his clothes.

On a certain day a coin that this boy had just tossed happened to roll near to Little Stenne's feet. He couldn't help looking at it with a good deal of interest, and the lad, noticing his attentive gaze, said: "You like things of that kind, do you? Well, if you want to earn some I'll show you how."

When the game was over he took Stenne a little way off from the others, and proposed that they go in partnership to sell Paris papers to the Germans besieging the city.

"We can make piles of cash each trip," he concluded, as a clinching argument.

At first Stenne refused, with considerable show of indignation, to have anything to do with the project. And to emphasize his anger he stayed away from the gaming place the better part of a week. But the time passed dreadfully slow, and he began to be bothered. He neither ate nor slept. At night it seemed that long files of shining coins used to march over his pillow. The temptation was too great. He went back again, met the boy in the blue blouse, and fell.

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They set out, one snowy morning, with empty canvas bags over their shoulders and the latest issues of the French local papers hidden under their jackets. When they arrived at the city gate leading to Auberville, which was their objective point, it was bright daylight. The boy took Stenne by the hand, and in a cringing way, going up to the gate sentinel, who looked the very essence of good nature, said to him, whiningly:

"Won't you please let us pass, sir? Mother is sick and father is dead, and me and my little brother here would like to go out into the fields and gather some potatoes." And he began to cry. Stenne, ashamed of himself and his associate, hung his head. The man regarded the two attentively a moment, and then looked up and down the white and deserted road.

"Get along fast, then," he remarked, moving away, and in a moment the lads were outside the walls. When fairly beyond hearing, the big fellow had to give vent to his feelings in a loud, triumphant laugh.

As they tramped on, Stenne noticed, as if in a confused dream, foundries and factories turned into barracks for soldiers. Beside the road were barricades. Everywhere were the signs of military occupation. Farther on sentinels were seen, and officers, muffled up on account of the cold, watching the operations of the enemy through field-glasses.

In the most sheltered places tents were pitched, their canvas walls heavy and damp with the snow. The roads and all these scenes were familiar to the boy in the blue blouse, so for the most part of the way he took to the fields to avoid them. By chance, however, they hit upon a picket it was impossible to avoid. The guard was made up of sharpshooters. The company of which it was part was encamped near by in a hollow beside the railway.

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When halted, Stenne's companion again began the tearful story that succeeded so well at the city gate, but they would not let him pass. While he was thinking of putting some additional misery into his complaint, an old Sergeant, gray-haired and wrinkled, came up to them.

"Don't cry, my boy. That's all right. You shall go out and get your potatoes, but first come in and warm yourselves a bit. That little fellow looks as if he was half chilled to death." Stenne was trembling, but not with the cold; it was rather with fear and shame. When they went inside the tent, the Sergeant pointed out, they found a lot of soldiers crowding around a small fire, at which they were thawing out some frozen biscuit stuck on the points of their bayonets. They made room for the newcomers and also gave them a share of the biscuit and a tin cup of coffee. While they were drinking an officer appeared at the door, beckoned to the Sergeant, and after speaking to him in a low voice went away.

"There'll be fun to-night!" shouted the Sergeant gayly, coming back to the group about the fire. "We have discovered the German countersign, and are going to attack them as soon as it's dark."

This announcement was greeted with three cheers. The soldiers began to dance and sing, and caper like children just let loose from school. Taking advantage of the excitement and tumult, the two boys made their escape.

Having passed a trench cut at a mile or two distant from the French camp, they came out on a sloping plain which led to a white-washed wall pierced like a sieve with small port-holes. Toward this wall they directed their steps, pausing now and then to stop and make believe they were gathering potatoes.

"I don't want to walk any farther," Little Stenne persisted in saying; "let's go home."

The other only shrugged his shoulders, and without answering continued to advance. Suddenly they heard the sharp click of a rifle as the hammer was raised.

"Lie down," hastily exclaimed the blue-bloused lad, as he threw himself on the ground, with knowledge beyond his years.

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From that position he gave a low whistle which was echoed by another near at hand. They then went on a rod or so, creeping on hands and knees. All at once two fierce-looking German soldiers rose up right before them from a hole dug at the bottom of the wall. The big boy seemed to know them. He leaped into the cavity, and pointing to Stenne simply said:

"My brother."

By means of a breach in it the boys made their way to the other side of the wall, which was full of felled trees, earthworks, trenches, and holes cut in the snow, out of which men, with terror-inspiring faces, looked at each of them and laughed as the boys trudged by.

They finally reached a house occupied by the Commander of the Post. Before they arrived at it they could smell the appetizing odor of cooking, and heard the rattling of glasses and the sounds of a piano. As the boys entered the room where this revelry was in progress, the officers there gave them a shout of joyous welcome. The lads took the French papers they had brought from beneath their jackets and handed them over.

Then both were given refreshments, and Stenne's companion amused the officers greatly by his mimicry of the French soldiers. Stenne at first also felt inclined to do what he could do in the way of show, but something held him back. Opposite him was a Prussian Captain, older and more serious looking than his comrades, who made only a pretense of reading the journal Stenne had given him, for he kept his eyes constantly fixed on him. It seemed as if he might have had a son of the same age as Stenne and was saying to himself:

"I'd rather see a boy of mine dead than engaged in such a trade."

From the moment Stenne noticed his fixed gaze it was as if an iron hand held his heart and would not let it beat freely.

Finally his anguish grew to such a pitch that, while his comrade was giving a burlesque imitation of how he once saw the city troops drill, he suddenly shouted in a voice wild with fury:

"Stop that! Don't do it! I don't like it!"

But the other only laughed scornfully and kept on. Before he had finished, however, the officers prepared to leave the room, and one took the boys to the door. "Now return as quickly as you can," he said.

Both started, the elder boy proud as a peacock and shaking the money he had received for the papers in his pockets. Stenne followed him with his head hung on his breast and an aching heart.

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Once over the wall and on the plain they began to run as quickly as the bag of potatoes given them by the Germans would permit. As they passed the picket-post of the French sharpshooters, everywhere were visible preparations for the attack on the enemy that night. Troops were silently arriving from all directions and massing themselves under the protection afforded by the high banks of the railway. The old Sergeant who had been so kind that morning saw the lads and smiled at them genially. The look in his gentle eye so went to Stenne's soul that he longed to cry out:

"Don't attack the Germans to-night! You are betrayed!"

But he held his peace, for the other boy had said to him just before:

"If you say a word about where we've been they'll shoot you."

The two had no more difficulty in reentering the city than they had in getting out. Just inside the wall they found a vacant house, where they shared the money got from the German officers. Stenne received a full and fair half of the proceeds, so that as he dropped the jingling coins into his pocket and thought of the fun he'd have, it didn't seem to him his crime was so great after all.

This exaltation did not last long. When he separated from his companion and found himself alone on his way home, his spirits and his pocket both grew unnaturally heavy. The iron grip on his heart was harder than before. Paris did not seem the same. People gazed at him, he thought, suspiciously, as he slunk by. He heard the words "Spy!" "Spy!" in the sound of the wheels on the street, in the rolling of the drums calling the troops to drill. At last he reached the house where he lived, and, thankful his father had not preceded him, he mounted to his chamber and hid his ill-gotten money beneath his pillow.

And when the elder Stenne came in how happy he was! He had heard some good news about the siege. Things were not going to be as bad as they had been. While he ate his supper he glanced at the musket he had once carried himself, now hanging on the wall, and smilingly said:

"I can just imagine, my boy, how you'd like to go and fight the Germans if you were only big enough."

At eight o'clock that night the thunder of cannon came from without the walls.

"They are fighting at Auberville," remarked old Stenne, for this contemplated attack was the news that had made him so radiant.

His son became pale as death, and, pretending to be very tired, went to bed, though not to sleep. The roar of the artillery became louder and louder. He imagined the French marching to surprise the Germans, and falling into an ambuscade themselves. He saw in his terror the kind old Sergeant dead upon the snow, and so many others with him. Part of the price of all this blood, he, the son of the brave old soldier Stenne, had then beneath his head. His tears choked him. Then, in the room beside his own he heard his father open the window. Through it from the street below came the rattle of drums calling the city guards to assemble. The night attack had become a battle, and all available help was needed immediately. The boy could not repress a loud sob. Father Stenne entered the room.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

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Little Stenne could contain himself no longer. He leaped from the bed and threw himself at his father's feet. The money he had put under the pillow at the same time rolled on the floor.

"What's this?" was the amazed inquiry. "You haven't been stealing?"

Then, without pausing to take breath, the boy told him all. The father listened without interrupting him, but with a face it was terrible to see. When his son concluded he buried his face in his hands and wept.

"Father! Father——" the child began.

Old Stenne repulsed him and gathered up the money.

"Is this all?" he inquired.

The son nodded his head that it was. With that the father took down his musket from its hook on the wall, and putting the money in his pocket simply remarked:

"I am going to give it back to the Germans."

Then, not saying another word, he descended the stairs and took his place in the ranks of the guards forming on the street.

And Father Stenne never came back.

Duties and Privileges of Wealth

MAKING MONEY DO ITS GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD

By Paul Leroy-Beaulieu

THE social function of wealth comes into play when the disposition is to be determined of the surplus that is left after a comfortable style of living with judicious luxury is provided for, and a proper amount has been put away. Persons of great wealth have large opportunities for usefulness in associating themselves with and participating in efforts which seem useful, but the results of which are uncertain.

Many discoveries and inventions have to pass through a period of incubation, as recently electric lighting and the transmission of force by electricity, and now the division and dispersion of motive force into small shops, experiments in photography of colors, etc. Numerous costly efforts are necessary in seeking advance in such matters which we see to be possible and even near, but which are still far from the practicable period. Wealth is thus put in the way of fulfilling its social function of assisting progress; and much more is accomplished by it in this way than the multitude think. A similar field of usefulness is found in giving assistance to agricultural experimentation.

A second social function of wealth is found in enterprises requiring patronage and remunerative philanthrophy. The term "remunerative philanthrophy" may have an odd sound to some persons. It is, however, true that rich men render great social services by the performance of the kind of work which we have designated thus. A portion of the revenue of the wealthy might well be devoted to enterprises of general and public utility, which would also, if well directed, produce a modest but respectable remuneration. There are a number of kinds of business capable of returning a small profit, but in which the chances of gain, though not absent, are too limited to attract private speculators, careful only of their personal interest, which might be undertaken by wealthy men, with a philanthropic intent, satisfied to put out a part of their revenues for low interest.

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An investigation made about fifteen years ago by the Industrial Society of Upper Alsace brought to light several enterprises of this character, inspired by a philanthropic feeling, and yet giving a modest indemnification for the capital invested in them. Among them are societies of popular credit, cooperative societies, workingmen's insurance under a variety of forms, baths and lavatories for workingmen or for the small middle class, workingmen's lodgings, cheap dining-houses, and other establishments of similar character. All these organizations that concern the people are usually despised by professional speculators and by capitalists.

In a very successful experiment made by a number of practical philanthropists at Lyons, France, ninety houses, containing a thousand simple but convenient and healthy suites, returned a profit of five and one half per cent., of which the investors received four per cent.—the statutory maximum—while the rest went to increase the reserves. The objections which have been alleged against these enterprises are not really of great importance. It does not follow that because they are not of advantage to every one or to the poorest class they are not useful to a very considerable class of workmen and small clerks. And while there is danger that in the course of time—say after fifty or seventy-five years—they will deteriorate or become corrupt, we have no right to conclude that they will not have rendered good service in the meantime. It only proves that nothing is lasting, and that types and methods will have to be modified, every half century, for example. These establishments foster a taste for neatness and hygienic conditions in the house, and provide models which private builders may imitate. What has thus been done in reference to the house may also be done with relation to food. In this, Lyons again has given an instructive example in the provision that has been made there of popular restaurants with low-priced dishes, which yet pay a very convenient interest of from three to four per cent. In association with enterprises of this kind wealth performs its social function without suffering depreciation.

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A third social function of wealth lies in the gratuitous patronage of unremunerative works, a sympathetic way of giving help where it will be worthily bestowed and thankfully received. Next are great foundations of general interest, such as a few millionaires, whose names are honored and perpetuated by their deeds, have taken pleasure in making. The finest examples of this kind of benevolence have been found among the Americans and in the little States of ancient Greece; museums, schools, observatories, public parks, churches, orphanages, hospitals—institutions with which every man possessing a fortune of the first class might deem it a privilege to have his name associated. No considerable curtailment of the amount to be transmitted to heirs nor gradual transformation after death of private fortunes into collective fortunes need be contemplated in these foundations. Such transformation would be of mischievous economical effect; for money, except in a few rare exceptions, is better administered by individuals who possess it than by collective organizations of any kind. Many fortunes, however, are large enough to afford considerable sums for these foundations. There are many other beneficent works that might tempt millionaires. Among objects worthy of attention are African and Asian exploration, experiments in acclimatization of animals and plants, subventions of scientific and medical investigation, and others. Under the triple form we have pointed out, the social function of wealth, as distinguished from its economical function, is to be initiative and auxiliary. This function cannot be imposed by law, but must be promoted by tradition, conscience, and a taste for useful and sympathetic activity.—Revue des Deux Mondes.

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Real People in Fiction

By Charles Robinson

THE much-discussed libel action brought not long ago in London by a Mrs. Pinnock against Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the well-known publishers, because she considered that a certain character in a novel lately published by them was intended for herself, and the somewhat similar suit instituted by the artist Whistler in connection with the publication of Trilby, serve to recall several former instances in which other well-known people have resented the manner in which their physical or mental peculiarities were overdrawn or distorted by famous novelists.

Readers of Forster's Life of Dickens will remember the controversy provoked by the character of Harold Skimpole in Bleak House. While intending that the model for this personage should be kept a secret from the general public, Dickens seems to have wished to gratify a few intimate friends.

Writing to Forster in March, 1852, he says: "Browne has done Skimpole, and helped to make him singularly unlike the great original." The great original was, of course, Leigh Hunt, upon whom a wound was thus needlessly inflicted. Dickens seems honestly to have regretted what he had done, and a graceful tribute to Hunt's poetic gifts from the novelist's pen, which subsequently appeared in Household Words, partook of the nature of an amende honorable, which Dickens felt he owed Scott.

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In another article which appeared in All the Year Round not long after Hunt's death, Dickens declared that, while "he yielded to the temptation of too often making the character speak like his old friend," yet "he no more thought—God forgive him!—that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature than he himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture."

Even as to the mere occasional manner he declared that he had "altered the whole of that part of the text when two intimate friends of Leigh Hunt discovered too strong a resemblance to his 'way.'" Walter Savage Landor, as is well known, was also portrayed in Bleak House as Laurence Boythorn.

This character has been aptly described by Sydney Colvin as Landor "with his intellectual greatness left out"; but the portrait, however imperfect, was in this instance, beyond all doubt, both kindly meant and kindly taken. Neither of these portraits, however, can be said to have added to the attractions of the book in which they were introduced.

Dickens has himself described with infinite humor how several Yorkshire schoolmasters laid claim to the distinction of being the original of Mr. Wackford Squeers, one of whom, he had reason to believe, had actually entertained thoughts of bringing an action against him for libel, while another, whom the cap likewise fitted, meditated a journey to London "for the express purpose of committing an assault and battery upon his traducer"; a third perfectly remembered being waited on by two gentlemen, "one of whom held him in conversation while the other took his likeness," and, although Mr. Squeers has but one eye, still he and all his friends and neighbors "know at once for whom it is meant, because—the character is so like him in every essential."

On the other hand, there are cases where obscure persons have enjoyed a whimsical and often wholly unmerited immortality by posing as the living originals of famous characters in fiction. "I wonder how many undoubted originals of Sam Weller I have had described to me in the course of my reading tours all over the country during the last six years," said Charles Dickens, the younger, in a recent letter.

One of the most persistent of these claimants for the honor of having given his name to the immortal Sam is a "superannuated post-boy," who still resides at Dorking, in Surrey, where the name has been associated for generations and generations with coachmen, grooms and fly drivers.

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It is related in Percy Fitzgerald's History of Pickwick that once, while Marcus Stone was walking with Dickens along the green lanes near Gad's Hill, a vegetable cart drove past on which was the name Weller. Stone remarked the coincidence. "Coincidence!" exclaimed Dickens; "why, it's the man," meaning that the name had been suggested by a shop in Chatham.

In like manner the felicitous name of Sam's employer was taken from one Moses Pickwick, a well-known coach proprietor at Bath. It is recorded that Dickens, on seeing the name painted on the door of a stage-coach, rushed into the publisher's office, exclaiming, "I've got it! Moses Pickwick, Bath, coachmaster."

Not very long ago, in one of the English courts, during a trial about the liability of a railroad company for lost luggage, Mr. Henry Dickens, Q. C., a younger son of the great novelist, in opening the case for the defense, observed, amid great laughter, that he would call Mr. Pickwick, adding: "The witness is a descendant of the Mr. Moses Pickwick, proprietor of the Bath coach, from whom I have the very best reason to believe the character of Mr. Pickwick was taken, and I verily believe that one of the reasons why I was retained in the case was that I might call Mr. Pickwick."

Thackeray, like Dickens, also got into trouble by copying some of his characters too closely from life, notably when he put his friend, Arthur Archdekne, into Pendennis as the ever-delightful Harry Foker. "Not only," says Edmund Yates, "was he described in the most ludicrously lifelike manner, but, to his intense annoyance, a portrait of himself accompanied the manuscript."

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Although Thackeray meant no unkindness, Archdekne never quite forgave him for this caricature. One night, just after Thackeray had delivered his first lecture on the English Humorists, Archdekne met him at the Cider-Cellar's Club, surrounded by a coterie who were offering their congratulations. "How are you, Thack?" cried Archie. "I was at your show to-day at Willis's. What a lot of swells you had there—yes! But I thought it was dull—very dull! I will tell you what it is, Thack, you want a piano."

Yates himself figures in the Virginians, which, to use his own language, contains "a wholly irrelevant and ridiculous allusion to me as Young Grubstreet. It was a pleasant peculiarity of Mr. Thackeray's," he adds, "to make some veiled, but unmistakable, allusions to persons at the time obnoxious to him," in his books.

As for Tom Costigan, Thackeray, in one of his delightful Roundabout Papers, declares that he invented the character, "as, I suppose, authors invent their personages, out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters," and tells the following story, which, he says, happened some ten years after the publication of Pendennis.

"I was smoking in a tavern parlor one night, and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man; the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him.

"He had the same little coat; the same battered hat, cocked on one eye; the same twinkle in that eye. 'Sir,' said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions—'Sir,' I said, 'may I offer you some refreshment?' 'Bedad! ye may,' says he, 'and I'll sing ye a song, tu.' Of course, he spoke with an Irish brogue; of course, he had been in the army; in ten minutes he pulled out an army agent's account, whereon his name was written; a few months after this unexpected meeting we read of him in a police court."

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Not a few instances might be cited in which authors have been accused of gathering their material for unpleasant characters from among their neighbors. Not long after the publication of The House of the Seven Gables, Hawthorne received, among other letters of a similar kind, one from a man complaining that his grandfather had been made infamous in the character of Judge Pyncheon.

Now, his grandfather, Judge Pyncheon by name, was a Tory and refugee resident in Salem at the period of the Revolution, and the correspondent described him as the most exemplary old gentleman in the world. He therefore considered himself to be infinitely wronged and aggrieved, and thought it monstrous that the virtuous dead could not be suffered to rest quietly in their graves. "The joke of the matter is," says Hawthorne, in a letter to Fields, "that I never heard of his grandfather, nor knew that any Pyncheons had ever lived in Salem, but took the name because it suited the tone of my book, and was as much my property for fictitious purposes as that of Smith."

In like manner Wilkie Collins, in his Reminiscences, relates how he received a challenge to mortal combat from an excitable French nobleman who demanded satisfaction from the author of the Woman in White, because he considered that he had been libeled in that book as Count Fosco—the only fat villain in all fiction.

When George Eliot was asked whether the report was true that the character of Casaubon was modeled on Mr. Lewes, she replied in the negative. "From whom, then," persisted her interrogator, "did you draw Casaubon?" The authoress vouchsafed no answer, but simply pointed to her heart. And in this regard a contemporary critic has well remarked that, "if a novelist is base enough to go to life for his personages, he should at least have the saving grace to pretend that they are original, and not boast of them as copies."—Home Journal.

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Tactics in Sudden Reformation

I HAVE a little son eight years old, says a writer in the Boston Courier. He is smart and bright, and for mischievousness I think can't be beaten. I was sitting room one day reading and smoking, when he came sauntering up to me with the forefinger of his left hand in his mouth. I thought at the time that there was something wrong, but said nothing.

"Pa," he said after a while, "I didn't get one demerit in school to-day."

"You didn't, Willie?" I interrogated, throwing a rather fierce look upon him. "Well, I'm sure that's a good showing."

"Yes; and I carried a bucket of coal up for Kate after school," he went on, still keeping that finger in his mouth.

"Why, you are becoming very considerate," I returned.

"Yes; and I brushed your coat all off nice and clean."

"No, Willie; you didn't do that?" I asked, looking frowningly at him, for I knew he had been up to something.

"Yes, I did, pa; and I lit the gas in ma's room for her."

"Well, now."

"And I shined your best shoes until they glitter like Sister Ella's looking-glass."

"Is that so? What else have you done?"

"Well, I studied all my lessons in school, got out at the regular time, said 'yes, sir,' to Uncle John and helped the ostler around the stable."

"Why, what is the matter with you? Are you going to be ill?"

"No sir," he replied, twisting around a trifle, "but I'm going to be a better boy—at least for a while."

"You are? Well, I'm glad to hear that."

There was a short pause and then he said:

"Here, pa, are two cigars for you. I bought them with my own spending money. I'll buy you a boxful when I have money enough."

At this juncture he placed both little arms around my neck and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, pa," he asked, "do you like your little boy?"

"Why, of course I do," I replied, becoming alarmed. "Are you ill?"

"No; but I've got something to tell you. Would you keep your little Willie from pain?"

"Certainly I would. Tell me what is the matter, my son."

"All right, pa, I will—dear, good old pa. This morning Billy Button, Tommy Todd and myself were playing ball, and I couldn't catch very well, so I went and got your brand new stovepipe hat and caught with that. Pa, that hat must be made of awful poor stuff, for the first fly ball went clear through it, knocking the roof out. But never mind, I'll buy you another one," clasping me tighter as I essayed to rise, "and one gooder'n that, too!"

What could I do? What did I do?

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Max Müller's Humiliation.—Max Müller says that when he lectured for the first time on the Science of Language, he had to clear the ground of prejudices and, among the rest, to dispose of what was then an article of faith, namely, that all the languages of the world are derived from Hebrew. He gave a whole lecture to this question, and when it was over an imposing old lady came up to shake hands with him and to thank him for his beautiful lecture: "How delightful it is to know," she said, "that Adam and Eve spoke Hebrew in Paradise, and that all the other languages of the world, English not excepted, have come out of Hebrew and out of Paradise." Max Müller felt very much humiliated, and when Faraday came up told him what had happened. "Oh, you must not be discouraged," said Faraday, "I hardly ever lecture on chemistry without an old dowager coming up to me with an incredulous smile and saying, 'Now, Mr. Faraday, you don't really mean to say that the water I drink is nothing, after all, but what you call oxygen and hydrogen?'"

"Go on, Mr. Müller," he said, "don't lose heart; something will always stick. We must do our part, and leave the rest to time."

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In Defense of Zola

ZOLA is fighting, says a writer in The Sketch, against a degraded prejudice for the elementary principles of social rights, and he is applauded by every generous spirit. But he has been attacked in some quarters which ought to know better, as if he were risking fortune, repute, and even personal safety, for the sake of advertisement! The most popular writer in France braves an odium which may be fatal, and all for the sake of selling more copies of his books! I find this absurd suggestion in a journal which sneers at M. Zola merely because it does not like his novels. It ought to be ashamed of such literary parochialism. If a leader-writer in the London Times cannot feel the power of Germinal, that is a poor reason for accusing the author of seeking *réclame* because he is striving to relieve his country from the shame of what he believes to be a frightful miscarriage of justice.

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Zola is one of the few great men in France who have dared to speak plainly to their countrymen about the National defects. To their own generous ideals of liberty the French are too often blinded by racial or religious delirium. So gay, so courteous, and so brave, such masters of the art of life, which, in less favored countries, becomes a penitential chain, the French are lacking in that broader humanity which restrains passion, and does justice though the heavens fall. Zola's higher vision has inspired him with a passionate hatred of wrong, above all of the wrong which apes the "National defense," the "honor of the French Army," all the idols invoked to shield the blundering statesman and the malignant fool.

Here is a man whose splendid courage recalls Voltaire's crusade against the cruel bigotry which destroyed Jean Calas. Voltaire was more religious than the church in his day, and Zola is more patriotic than the accusers of Dreyfus. Whatever may befall him, he commands the homage of all to whom justice is no empty word, and France too dear to be profaned by savages who so recklessly take her name in vain.

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Origin of Cuban Rebellion

IT WAS on February 24, 1895, that Jose Marti raised the standard of Cuba Libre in Camaguey. The revolution, says a writer in the Philadelphia Bulletin, commenced at Baire, near Bayamo, though they say in New York City that the uprising virtually began there in the cramped and cheerless rooms of two newspaper offices, one at 120 Front Street and the other at 42 Broadway.

Word had been conveyed by courier all over the island a week before. The secret agents of the Spanish Government apparently knew of the contemplated step as soon as the Cubans themselves, for on February 23 the then Captain-General of Cuba, Calleja, suspended constitutional guarantees by proclamation, and next day announced that the crime of sedition would be punished with instant death. At that time there were seventeen thousand Spanish soldiers in Cuba and fifty thousand volunteers subject to immediate call if an emergency arose which required their services.

Marti had spent three years in the work of arousing public enthusiasm among his compatriots. He had visited Santo Domingo and persuaded General Maximo Gomez, the former military leader, to assume the command of the scattering Cuban forces. Preparations had been fully made, and the conflict began under what were the best of auspices for the struggling Cubans.

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At first sight there was something particularly pathetic in the outbreak of another revolutionary fever in that lovely tropical island which the Spaniards, doubtless with a touch of that grave irony which underlies their moody character, call "the ever faithful." So much blood had been spilled, so much treasure squandered by Spain and her rebellious colony, that it would seem as if they should both have been wise enough to discuss and settle their differences without fighting. But it is difficult to argue with a Spaniard, one of the most self-centered of mortals. He understands much better the arbitrament of arm.

There is something imposing in the leisurely way in which he enters upon the suppression of a revolt; something miraculous in the manner by which he goes on finding troops and resources after one supposes him quite exhausted. Apparently he learns little or nothing by experience. If he had even the prudence of the child who has once been scalded he would not worry the patriots of Cuba to desperation. It was still measurably near to one revolution which convulsed the island's business for years and cost Spain more than seventy thousand of her best soldiers, and yet he was ready to begin the ferocious farce all over again. Experience, with nations as with individuals, often brings no fuller wisdom with its coming.

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There were minor revolts in 1717 and 1723, and there was the Black Rebellion in the early part of the century, but the first attempt at independence was by Narciso Lopez, a native Venezuelan, long a resident of Cuba, who represented the creole population. His initial expedition in 1849 was defeated by the vigilance of the United States authorities. A second attempt, made in 1850, after a landing at Cardenas, also resulted in failure. In August, 1851, Lopez sailed from New Orleans in a steamer with five hundred men and landed at Morillo, in the Vuelta Abajo district. The expected flocking of the people to his aid did not occur; many of his men were killed in the engagements that followed; fifty captured with Colonel Crittenden were shot in Havana, and the survivors, who, with their leader, had taken refuge in the woods, were soon made prisoners. Lopez was garroted in Havana on September 1, some of his comrades were shot, but most of the survivors were transported and subsequently pardoned.

In 1852 there was a new conspiracy, and two years later another futile attempt at revolution.

October 14, 1868, was the day set by Cuban revolutionists for the succeeding outbreak, but their intentions becoming known to the Government, Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, the head of the movement, declared for independence on the field of Yara on October 10. Then followed the sanguinary struggle known as the Ten Years' War.

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Here is the incident of Cuba Libre's National hymn: On the morning of October 20, 1868, Bayamo fell into the hands of the Cubans. As the victorious troops rode into the town the bells began to ring and hundreds of Cuban flags waved from roofs and windows. In front, mounted on a beautiful white horse, waving his hat, rode a young man, who turned as he reached the plaza and cried in a loud voice: "Bayames! Viva Cuba Libre!" The band appropriately struck up La Bayamesa (The Girl of Bayamo). Then Pedro Figuerdo, the young man on horseback, took out his book and wrote on his knee the Himno Bayames, the present national hymn of the fighting Cubans. After the war ended the Spanish would not allow the hymn to be sung under its original title, Marseillesa, and the name was changed to its present designation.

It required the power of Spain's army and the slaughter of a vast number of Cubans to terrorize Cuba into submission. Europe and America, horror-stricken, looked on at the butchery, but said no menacing word to Spain. A whole population cannot be stamped out of existence simply because it will not consent to be ruined by discriminating duties, victimized by the worm-eaten Spanish policy, practiced for so many centuries, of making the colony a desert that the mother-country may blossom as the rose.

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The Biggest Kite Ever Raised

W. H. MARKLE, of South Bethlehem, has just finished building a kite that is a monster. It is as big as a two-story house, and capable of raising high in the air an able-bodied man who tried to hold on to the soaring flyer. It is twenty-five feet high and twenty-five feet wide, and is of the ordinary triangle pattern. The sticks are made of white pine, five and one-half by two inches, and are tapered from the cross to one inch and a half at the ends. At each corner of the cross there are two inch screw-eyes. On these screw-eyes are tied the four corners of the canvas sail, which is made of sail drilling. On the first trial of the kite twenty-five hundred feet of sash cord was used, but the strain was found to be too great, and the highest grade of Manila rope three-eighths of an inch thick had to be procured. In a strong breeze the pull, according to careful estimates, was from four hundred to six hundred pounds. The weight of the kite, rigged, is seventy pounds.

It is a very easy matter to raise the kite. The sticks and canvas are put together and the flying rope securely hitched about a tree, the slack in the rope being nearly all taken in. The kite is laid flat on the ground with the top toward the hitching point, and in a fair breeze the monster is lifted up a little so as to catch the breeze. It does this very quickly, straightening up like a thing of life and rising with the wind. In order to counteract any tendency that the kite may have for tilting sideways, guide ropes are hung at the wings, and, if necessary, they can be used to keep the kite straight while it is rising from the earth to the clouds. It is an interesting sight to watch such an ascension.

The Present Scourge of Gossip

REPUTATIONS WRECKED BY IDLE TALK

IT IS common to treat the sensational and conscienceless "enterprise" of many daily newspapers in manufacturing and exaggerating news as a recent development of human mendacity. We read every day in our papers, says a writer in The Baptist Standard, statements likely to do the gravest injury to public men, ministers, teachers, society women, colleges, churches, and other persons and institutions. Within a week we learn that more than half of them are totally without foundation. The papers either print no correction, or limit it to a couple of lines in some obscure position. This remarkable development of systematic and commercial lying is merely an outgrowth of the habit of gossip. The gossip is printed, that is all. And since printing makes it more profitable, the demand is increased, and there arises a class of professional gossipers, paid to invent stories, or to exaggerate trifles into sensations, at space rates. But the essence of the evil lies not in the newspapers themselves—though they have a great deal to answer for—so much as in that trait of human nature which makes men delight in finding out more about the affairs of their neighbors than they have any need or any right to know.

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It is rarely that one hears in Christian pulpits a warning against the sin of gossip; and yet few of what are called the minor sins do so much harm in the world, estrange so many friends, break up so many homes, ruin so many businesses, or blast so many hopes, as this sin. There may be many causes for an acute or chronic attack of gossiping in a community, but the occasion is usually the lack of something better to do. A person whose mind is not well furnished with more important concerns, plans of his own or plans for the good of others, is easily open to the approaches of the confirmed gossiper, and falls into the trap set for him with scarcely any reluctance.

The same craving for novelty and excitement and sensation that leads one class of women to read French novels, and another class to frequent the theatres, leads a third class, who regard such novels and such plays with disapproval, to meddle with the affairs of others by conversation based upon hearsay evidence. Gossip is certainly not unknown among men; the difference being that men gossip more by what they do not say than by what they do. A significant silence is sometimes the meanest opinion a man can express. If we have nothing better to do than to use our time in profitless discussion of the affairs of others, there is something wrong with our sense of duty. When Christian men and women, with all the great needs that lie about them calling for thought and effort, can descend to such an occupation as habitual gossip, there needs to be a revival of a new sort—a revival of conscience.

It is said that every vice has its root in a virtue. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the habit of talking about one's neighbors and discussing their conduct is in a sense derived from a very natural and proper interest in one's surroundings. A friendly curiosity, a suspicious scrutiny, and a malicious criticism are not so far apart as they might seem. Gossip is a weakness of well-meaning and kindly people. It often springs from a desire to help the absent subject of conversation by straightening out his affairs and solving his problems with the fund of accumulated wisdom supposed to be possessed by the gossipers. We all find it more satisfactory to pass judgment on another's difficulties than on our own. It is probable that few people in this world ever admitted the charge of being gossipers.

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The border line between a kindly interest in our neighbors and an excessive curiosity and loquacity is not easy to draw. Malicious gossip is slander; that is quite a different thing, of which there is not much to be found among Christian people. But the apparently harmless conversation in which we take up our acquaintances one by one and suggest doubts here and queries there, insinuating things that cannot be proved and allowing others to infer what we do not care to say, is just as dangerous in its possibilities of evil as the spiteful flings of the slanderer and the groundless fabrications of the "yellow journal."

The best way to cure a vice is to cultivate a virtue. Why should there not be a transformation of gossip into a practice which would do nothing but good? Suppose when people met to talk over their friends and neighbors—whether the purpose was announced or not—that they took pains to think of pleasant and true things to say about each one. Suppose that instead of recalling some unfortunate remark of the person whose name has been mentioned, a kindly deed or an attractive trait of his should be spoken about. There are some circles of King's Daughters and other organizations, we believe, which make it their constant effort to say kind things about absent people whenever possible, and to refrain from saying unfavorable things when possible. It is surely an innocent and unfailing source of pleasure; the sensation of having done somebody a good turn without his knowledge is one that grows more delightful as it becomes habitual.

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Criticisms on American Manners

WITHIN the last few days two criticisms on us as a social body have been repeated to me, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. One was made by an Englishman; one by a lady who had long lived in France.

"What is the strongest impression we make upon you as a people?" was the first question I asked of my English friend.

"Your uncertainty, your restlessness," was the answer. "No one here seems sure of his position in the world. You make money and you go to Europe. Some of you spend a few years there, and when you come home you have to go to work to establish yourselves again. But should I go away" (this man belongs to the Peerage), "and should stay for twenty years, yet the moment I came back I should know that the same position was open to me that my father and my grandfather filled before me. I should not feel the necessity of an effort, nor anxiety as to the result."

What he says of himself may be true and may be not. But if what he says of us be so, it is much more easily explained than he thinks. We do not individually represent landed interests as he does—a house and a home that have stood for generations until they have become part of the very soil, as it were. We are forever making new homes, moving, trying to better ourselves, pulling up our very roots, to begin all over again somewhere else, where we think the advantages greater or happiness surer.

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A long-established abiding place adds enormous dignity. We are not apt to rightly appreciate its value. Loss of fortune does not necessarily entail a loss of social position, and one's social ties are not severed by fluctuations in prosperity. But they are lost and are endangered by the constant changing of homes, the moving from place to place and town to town, especially after an income has begun to decline. Let one become poor, and let him keep the same home and the same house in any community until his very name has become a local tradition, and he need never have any such sense of insecurity as that which the Englishman describes as existing among us.

But the criticism from the lady! It can be neither reasoned about nor defended. She complains of our manners.

She says, in the first place, that we are always in a hurry, even in our moments of so-called pleasure. She speaks, of course, only of New Yorkers, and excepts those whom she has met elsewhere.

She wonders if the business habits of the men have made the curt habits of the women. She says she goes to a luncheon that is given to her, and before she has swallowed her coffee every one is off with an engagement to keep. Conversation, except with those next her at the table, has been impossible.

Then she says—and this is even worse—that when a woman rises to leave the room every other woman turns and watches her, looking at her from head to foot as she goes out. In France a little inclination of the body at least is made, as if one meant to rise, when another withdraws. She says, too, that a stranger is ignored in a conversation, two women discussing before a third personalities and themes of which the newcomer can have no possible knowledge.

If we are indeed as rude as all this, what is to be done? Is it all a part of the uncertainty and the restlessness which the Englishman felt? Is New York life really such a bang and rush that the finer edges of our civilization are worn away?

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The Poets and the Bees.—Frank L. Stanton says that on one occasion when William Hamilton Hayne was visiting Samuel Minturn Peck at the latter's home in Tuscaloosa, the two poets strolled into the woods, and paused to rest beneath the shadows of the pines. "Here are your favorite pines, Hayne," said Peck; "let's dream a few poems beneath them." The languid summer day had its effect on them, and they were soon snoring and dreaming away. But suddenly both awoke and started down the home road at top speed, shouting as they ran. An army of yellow jackets had discovered them, and, not being partial to poetry, had forcibly and feelingly resented its intrusion on their domain. Later, at supper, Peck asked: "Did you make a poem, Hayne?" "No," was the reply, "I made a poultice." "So did I," said Peck.

Modern Definitions

AS CONDENSED INTO EPIGRAM

By Paul Chatfield, M. D.

SATIRE.—A glass in which the beholder sees everybody's face but his own.

BRIEF.—The excuse of counsel for an impertinence that is often inexcusable.

BLUSHING.—A suffusion—least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

EYEGLASS.—A toy which enables a coxcomb to see others, and others to see he is a coxcomb.

IDOL.—What many worship in their own shape who would be ashamed to do so in any other.

SCANDAL.—What one half of the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

PLAGIARISTS.—Purloiners, who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away the basket.

QUILLS are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another!

MEDICAL PRACTICE.—Guessing at Dame Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavoring to substitute man's.

LIBRARY.—A precious catacomb wherein are embalmed and preserved the great minds of the dead who will never die.

HUNGER.—That which gives the poor man his health and his appetite, and the want of which often afflicts the rich with satiety and disease.

STYLE.—To have a good style in writing you should have none; as perfect beauty of face consists in the absence of any predominant feature.

REVIEW.—A work that overlooks the productions it professes to look over, and judges of books by their authors, not of authors by their books.

LIFE.—A momentary convulsion between two tranquil eternities—an avenue to death, as death is the gate that opens to a new and more enduring life.

MINORITIES.—It would be an entertaining change in human affairs to determine everything by minorities. They are almost always in the right.

TONGUE.—The mysterious membrane that turns a thought into sound. Drink is its oil—eating, its drag chain.

MORALITY.—Keeping up appearances in this world, or becoming suddenly devout when we imagine that we may be shortly summoned to appear in the next.

APPETITE.—A relish bestowed upon the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like.

TOMB.—A house built for a skeleton: a dwelling of sculptured marble, provided for dust and corruption: a monument set up to perpetuate the memory of—the forgotten.

DESTINY.—The scapegoat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down as invincible, when we have no wish to strive against it.

CRITICS are like the beings that endure them—the little ones are the most clamorous and noisy; those of older growth, and greater magnitude, are generally tranquil, and sometimes silent.

ARGUMENT.—With fools, passion, vociferation, or violence; with ministers, a majority; with Kings, the sword; with fanatics, denunciation; with men of sense, a sound reason.

MISER.—One who, though he loves himself better than all the world, uses himself worse; for he lives like a pauper in order that he may enrich his heirs, whom he naturally hates.

IVY.—A vegetable corruptionist, which for the purpose of its own support attaches itself, with the greatest tenacity, to that which is the most antiquated and untenable, fullest of holes, flaws and imperfections.

TIME.—The vehicle that carries everything into nothing. We talk of spending our time as if it were so much interest of a perpetual annuity, whereas we are all living upon our capital, and he who wastes a single day throws away that which can never be recalled nor recovered.

LIGHT, like the circulating blood, which returns to the heart, is supposed to return to the sun, after having performed the functions for which it was emitted from that body. Even so will the soul, our intellectual light, return to its Divine source, when released from the body, to whose earthly purposes it has ministered.

POPULARITY.—The brightness of a falling star—the fleeting splendor of a rainbow—the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation. The politician, who, in these lunatic times, hopes to adapt himself to all the changes of public opinion, should qualify for the task by attempting to make a pair of stays for the moon, which assumes a new form and figure every night.

The Fictitious Family Treasures

AT No. 68 ALFRED DE MUSSET STREET

By Duncan Campbell Scott

IT WAS an evening early in May. The maples were covered with their little seed-pods; like the crescents of the Moslem hosts they hung redly in the evening air. The new leaf-tips of the poplars shone out like silver blooms. The mountain-ash trees stood with their virginal branches outlined against the filmy rose and gray of the evening sky, their slender leaves half open. Everything swam in the hazy light; the air was full of gold motes; in the sky lay the few strands of cloud, touched with a delicate rose.

At the upper window of a small house in De Musset Street Maurice Ruelle looked down upon the trees covered with the misty light. His window was high above everything, and the house itself stood alone on the brow of a cliff that commanded miles of broken country. Maurice was propped up at the window, and had a shawl thrown about his shoulders. The room was close; a wood fire was dying in the grate.

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"Maurice, Maurice, I'm sick of life. I will be an adventuress."

Maurice turned his head to look at the speaker. She was seated on the floor, leaning on her slanted arm, which was thrown behind her to support her weight.

"Well, my dear sister, you are ambitious——"

"Don't be bitter, Maurice."

"I am not bitter. I know you are ambitious; I am proud of you, you know. I don't see why you have to nurse me; fate is cruel to you."

"Oh, but I don't nurse you, you know that; what's my nursing good for? I only wish we had money enough to send you away for these terrible winters or give you a room in some fine hospital."

Maurice watched the birds dropping through the glow. A little maid brought in candles. Eloise began to walk up and down the room restlessly.

"Ah, well, we haven't the money," Maurice sighed.

"Money—money—it's not altogether a matter of money; to me it's a matter of life."

"Well, to me it's hardly a matter of money or of life."

"Maurice, you must not think of that; I forbid it. I must do something. I feel that I can succeed. Look at me, Maurice—tell me now——"

She stood with her head thrown back and poised lightly, and with a little frown on her face.

"Superb!" said her brother.

"I know I'll do something desperate," she said. "I must live; I was made to."

"Yes, my dear; that is the difference between us."

"Maurice, how dare you! I forbid it. I have decided. You will go South, and I will begin to live. I am going to stop wishing."

"Well, I have long ago ceased to wish; wishing was the only passion I ever had. I have given it up. But I have not wished for money; sometimes I have wished for health——"

He did not finish his sentence; he only thought of what he had longed for more than anything else—the love of his beautiful, impulsive sister. Eloise was dusting her geranium leaves. Maurice looked from his window into the trees with leaves not yet thick enough to hide the old nests.

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A short time after this a rather curious advertisement appeared in one of the city papers. It read: "Very handsome old oak furniture. Secretaire with small drawers. A dower chest and a little table. Each article richly carved. For particulars call at No. 68 Alfred de Musset Street, Viger."

Eloise read the advertisement to her brother.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "We have no such furniture, but it is our number true enough. Is this the commencement?"

"Yes, my dear; that is what it is."

The next day callers in response to this advertisement began to arrive. Eloise answered the bell herself. The first was a rather shabby old man, who wore a tall hat and green glasses. He produced a crumpled clipping from the paper, and, smoothing it out, handed it to Eloise.

"I have come to buy this second-hand furniture," he explained, holding his hat by the brim. Eloise looked at the advertisement as if she had never seen it before.

"There must be some mistake," she said. "I have no such furniture."

"I have not mistaken the number—No. 68 Alfred de Musset Street."

"Yes, but the printer must have made a mistake; this is not the place."

Many times that day she had to give to unpromising-looking people the same answer. Every one of them accepted the situation cheerfully; certainly it must have been a mistake. Three letters came also with inquiries about the furniture. One of these Eloise was tempted to answer, but she resolved to wait a day or two. The next day no one came at all; but on the next, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a young man drove up in a dog-cart. He left his horse, and walked rapidly through the little garden to the house. He was a handsome, vigorous-looking youth. He rang somewhat violently, and Eloise answered the summons. She opened the door a foot, and the caller could only see a bit of her white dress.

"I have called to see the furniture you have advertised," he said.

The door opened slowly, and, taking this as an invitation to enter, he stepped into the hall. He could not tell why, but he expected to see an old woman behind the door; instead he saw a very graceful girl holding the door-knob between her fingers. Without a word she preceded him with an air of shyness, and led the way into the front room. He glanced about for the furniture. She asked him to be seated.

"My father wanted me to come out and look at the things you advertised," he said.

"You are very good, Monsieur."

"Not at all; my father picks up these things for the house when they are really valuable."

"These are very valuable."

She still wore an air of shyness, and looked abstractedly from the window into a lilac bush; she seemed nervous.

"Could you let me see them?"

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There was a noise upstairs. Eloise half started from her chair.

"I beg of you not to speak so loudly."

He relapsed into a whisper.

"I beg pardon. I was not conscious of speaking too loudly."

"It is not that, but—I cannot explain." She ended abruptly. "You see," she said, hesitatingly, "I wish you had come yesterday."

"Have you promised them to some one else?"

"No, not at all; but yesterday it might have been possible, to-day it is impossible to show it to you."

"When can I see it?"

"I am unfortunate—I cannot say when. It is my brother's—but it must be sold."

A look of distress crossed her face.

"Does he not want it sold?"

"Monsieur, I beg of you not to question me. I am in great perplexity." She continued after a moment's pause, "You have rarely seen things so exquisite; the secretaire has a secret cabinet; the chest is carved with a scene of nymphs in a wood; the table is a beautiful little table." She figured these articles in the air with an imaginative wave of her hand. The young man began to regard her with some interest; he remarked to himself that she was a lovely girl.

"I'm sorry my call is inopportune; I will come again." He left his card on the table.

"Perhaps when you come again it will be more convenient," she said, following him at some distance to the door. He opened it himself, and went down the steps; as he looked back it was slowly shutting, and he caught a glimpse of her delicate white dress as it closed. Eloise took up the card. The name was Pierre Pechito. She knew the name; it was borne by one of the richest of the city merchants. She took the card up to Maurice. He held it in his thin fingers.

"Is this the end of Chapter One?" he asked. "Well, he may never come back; and what will you do with him if he does come back?"

"Oh, he will come; as for the rest, we must succeed. But there is one thing, Maurice, you must be the invisible ogre; you must rage about here as wildly as you can, while I am working out our destiny downstairs."

"My destiny?" he asked, with a falling touch of sadness in his accent.

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A few days after this Pierre returned. "May I come in?" he asked, as Eloise held the door open hesitatingly.

"If you wish, Monsieur." They sat a moment silently in the parlor.

"Monsieur," said Eloise, commencing hurriedly but determinedly, "in this life everything is uncertain, so much depends upon mere circumstances which are too obscure for us to control. I am willing to show you the furniture, but how much depends upon that!" She rose with the air of a heroine, and led the way to the foot of the stairs. Pierre followed. She had ascended three steps, and he had his hand on the newel-post, when there was a crash in the room above. Eloise turned suddenly and leaned against the banister, glancing up the stairs, and extending her hand to keep Pierre back. "Monsieur, for the love of Heaven do not come on; go back—go back into the room, I beg of you."

"I am leaving you in danger, Mademoiselle."

"I am accustomed to it. I beg of you." She accompanied these words with an imploring gesture. Pierre went into the room, where he paced up and down. The noise increased in violence, and then ceased altogether. Eloise returned to the room; she leaned from the window, breathing convulsively; she plucked one of the half-grown lilac leaves and bit it through and through.

"Yet the furniture must be sold," she said aloud. Pierre took a step toward her.

"Mademoiselle, you are in distress. May I not help you? I am able to. You can command me."

"Alas, Monsieur, you mean I can command your wealth." Pierre was profoundly moved at the sorrow in her girlish voice.

"I mean I would help you; I want to do what I can for you."

"Let us go no further," she said, with her eyes fixed on the floor. "I must not come into your happy life." There was a trace of bitterness in her tone.

"I have undertaken to buy the furniture," he said, with a smile. "I will not give up so soon. I am in earnest."

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"Maurice, Maurice, you are a splendid ogre!" said Eloise, throwing open the door.

"It is terribly exhausting," he said, looking at his sister with a faint smile.

When Pierre next came it was raining quietly through a silver haze; the little maid opened the door; a moment later Eloise came into the room. When she spoke her voice sounded restrained, and to Pierre she seemed completely different.

"I have deceived you," she commenced, without prelude, "there is no furniture to sell." To all his questions or remonstrances she gave him this answer, as if she were afraid to trust herself to other words, standing with her eyes cast to the floor and an expressionless face. But when she seemed the most distant, as if she could not recede further, she burst into tears. Pierre hurried toward her. "Mademoiselle, I cannot address you by name; you cannot deceive me; you are in great distress. I beg you not to think of the furniture; it is not necessary that these things of wood should trouble you further; to-day I did not come to see it, I came to see you."

"Oh, Monsieur," she sobbed, "you must never come here again, never—never!"

"Make no mistake, I will come—at least until I can help you, until I know your story." He took her hand.

"Monsieur, I cannot accept your assistance, but your kindness demands my story."

She told it. She was a lovely girl caught in a net of circumstances. She was an orphan. Her parents had left her and her brother a little money—too little to live on—they existed. Her brother was a cripple—how often had she wished she were dead!—he was wicked. She hinted at unkindness, at tyranny. It was necessary to sell these heirlooms. (Here Pierre pressed her hand, "You could not deceive me," he said.) But he would not hear of it. Her life was intolerable, but she must live it to the end—to the end. "If I could have deceived you, Monsieur, I would have done so." A smile shimmered through her tears. Pierre pressed her hand; she softly drew it away. Suddenly there was a crash in the room above; a light shower of dry whitewash was thrown down around them; the sound of an inhuman voice came feebly down the stairs.

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"I must go; do not detain me," she cried, as Pierre tried to intercept her. He endeavored to hold her at the foot of the stairs. "Do not go, I beg of you." She turned sweetly toward him. "I must go; it is my duty. You do yours." The tears were not yet dry on her eyelids. Pierre watched her flutter upstairs like a dove flying into a hawk's nest. His pulses were pounding at his wrists. "I wish I knew what my duty was," he said to himself. As he left the house he glanced up at the window, a handkerchief dropped down; he pressed it to his lips and thrust it into his bosom. When he was out of sight he examined it. It was a dainty thing of most delicate fabric; in one corner were the words, "Eloise Ruelle."

Eloise found Maurice almost fainting with his exertion. When he recovered he said:

"Is the game worth the candle?"

"Well, we will see."

"Eloise, you have been crying."

"I cry easily—I do everything easily."

Maurice turned away and gazed from the window. The rain was so fine it seemed to be a rising mist; the trees were hidden, like plants in the bottom of the sea; somewhere the sun was shining, for there was a silver bar in the mist.

Pierre was not slow in coming again; but, instead of seeing Eloise, he had a note thrust into his hand by the little serving-maid. It ran: "I cannot see you. He forbids it. Who could have told that our last word was 'good-by'? If I could have spoken again I would have thanked you. How can I ever do so now? Adieu." Reading this on the step, he scrawled hurriedly on a leaf of his notebook: "I would not have you thank me, but I must see you again. Your risk is

great, but I will be here to-morrow night; we will have the darkness, and all I ask is ten minutes. Is it too much?"

He gave the note to the maid, who shut the door. The house looked absolutely sphinx-like as he walked away from it.

The next night was moist with a touch of frost. A little smoke from burning leaves hung in the air with a pungent odor. The scent of the lilacs fell with the wind when it moved. Eloise was muffled picturesquely in a cloak. Pierre was holding her hand, which she had not reclaimed. "I have dared everything to come," she said softly.

"You are brave—braver than I was."

"You know my story, and you alone."

"That binds us."

"How can I thank you?"

"You must not try; I have done nothing."

Just then a burning brand was hurled from the window; it fell into the lilac tree, where it devoured a cone of blossoms and withered the leaves around it. It threw up a little springing flame which danced a light on Eloise, who had cowered into a corner by the steps, with her hand over her eyes. Pierre went to her. "Tell me," he said, "what does this mean?"

"Oh," she moaned, "he suspects we are here; he always has a fire on the hottest nights, and he is throwing the sticks out." This led Pierre to expect another one. He caught her by the arm.

"You must come out of danger," he said; "one might fall on your dress." The brand was glowing in spots. He tore it out of the bush and trampled on it. They went to the other side of the steps.

Pierre was saying excitedly: "Listen to me. This thing cannot go further. I love you. I am yours. I must protect you. You cannot deny me." Eloise tried to stop him with an imploring gesture. "No," he cried, "you must hear me! You must be mine! I will take you away from here."

"Oh, do not tempt me!" cried Eloise. "I must stay here. I cannot leave him."

"You must leave him. What hold has he upon you? I will never let you go back to this torment—never. Eloise," he continued, seriously, "Sometimes we have to decide in a moment the things of a lifetime. This is such a moment. Before I pluck this blossom," he said, leaning down to a dwarf lilac-bush bearing one bloom, "I want you to promise to be my wife." A moment later he had plucked the flower, but had dropped it, and had caught Eloise in his arms.

"Maurice, Maurice," cried Eloise, "look at me; I am triumphant!" He hardly looked at her; he was cowering over the fire, which had smouldered away, and in which the ashes were fluttering about like moths.

"I have done what you asked, that is all," he said with an effort.

"But it is everything to me. I will never forget you, Maurice, no matter how powerful I may become."

"Alas! you need not remember me for long. Perhaps I will have what I wanted here in some other star."

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A few evenings later Eloise drew the door after her, "Hush!" she said, "the least noise will disturb him." She hesitated, and left the door ajar.

"Do you regret?" whispered Pierre.

"No; but I am leaving everything."

"Yes, even the old furniture; if it had not been for that I would never have known you," he said.

"Everything—everything," murmured Eloise. She listened for a moment, and then shut the door softly on the empty house. Maurice had gone to the hospital that afternoon; the little maid had been discharged.

"But," she said, holding Pierre's arm and leaning away from him with her sweet smile, "I have also gained all—everything."

The next moment they had gone away.

This was the beginning of her career.—From In the Valley of Viger, published by Copeland and Day, of Boston.

How to Judge a Picture

TRAINING ONE'S MIND TO APPRECIATION

By Rollin Lynde Hartt

YOU say you will judge a picture. The picture as truly judges you. As you stand and gaze and wonder it is yourself that is upon trial—how delicate is your color sense, how fine your appreciation of form, how ready your response to beauties of light and shade, tone and values, how precise your ability to measure linear and aërial perspective, how keen your enjoyment of harmony in line and color, how clever your deftness at testing surfaces, textures and brush work? How large an acquaintance have you with the history of painting? How thoroughly do you understand the life and aims of the particular artist whose work you are judging? And lastly—the gravest question of all—how broad and how ripe is your own personal culture?

One judges a picture partly with one's eyes. It is, therefore, necessary to have eyes well trained; trained not only to tell whether a picture is "natural" or whether it "stands out" (most people's eyes do little more than this), but to derive keen pleasure from lovely colors set sweetly side by side, from lights that fall warm and bright, from lines that melt the one into the other in perfect harmony so as to make a single picture and not a little group of pictures, from the charm that goes with the portrayal of moist atmosphere in its mellowing effects upon distance, and from the truthfulness of interpretation that makes marble always marble, plush nothing but plush and flesh unmistakably flesh. The picture may tell a story or it may not tell a story. At any rate, it is the picture you are judging, not the story, and you judge a picture first with your eyes.

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Now the best way to train one's eyes to find the merits of a painting is first to determine very carefully just what merits one ought to look for. One good book, read bit by bit and its lessons applied as fast as learned, will give you the result you so much desire. I know of many good books for this purpose, but I know of one that is better than all the rest, and that is a short, practical, readable little volume, called Art for Art's Sake, by Professor John C. Van Dyke. Its chapters on color, tone, *chiaroscuro*, perspective, values, composition and brush work will teach you to look at a picture through the artist's eyes. Whoever will read those pleasant pages thoroughly, and as soon as he has mastered a chapter go directly to some collection of pictures and practice what he has learned, will be in a fair way to become a judge of the technical merits of a painting.

Next to trained eyesight is trained insight. People speak of gems of art—it would be better to call them flowers. For a work of art is not isolated; you cannot understand it all by itself. It is a growth, a product of the formative influences that played upon the artist. You must put yourself in the painter's place if you would rightly judge the painting. You must know when he lived and where, and what stage in the growth of painting he represents. You must know the historical conditions that made that stage possible or perhaps inevitable. In other words, you must have a knowledge, more or less definite, of the history of art. You cannot judge Botticelli as you judge Bouguereau, or Claude as you do Daubigny, or Ghirlandajo as you do Sir Frederick Leighton.

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The literature of art history is large and varied, and the entrance into it is easy or difficult according as you begin wisely or foolishly. Start in upon a treatise in four volumes and you will probably content yourself with the first two or three chapters. I don't recommend tomes for the beginner. Instead, I would suggest a very little book you will be inclined to read through in an evening, and which will give you an introduction to the principles of historical art criticism. That book is the Philosophy of Art, by the brilliant French critic, Hippolyte Taine. It is written in an engaging style—direct, rapid, imaginative and wholly free from technicalities. So small a volume, of course, does not pretend to be exhaustive, but it is a pleasant preparation for the use of more difficult treatises when you are ready to take them up for reference. Lübke you will read in parts, Van Dyke's History of Painting you will have at hand for occasional use, and Ruskin you will prize for his suggestiveness.

But it is not enough that you should be able to tell where and when your painter lived and what surroundings lent color to his genius. You must know the motive of his work. Corot and Dupré are lovable enough for their own sakes, but they appeal to you afresh as fine heroes indeed when you understand their revolt against classicism. There is a sweet freshness in Rossetti and a quaint, mystical charm in Burne-Jones, but the pre-Raphaelites take on a new splendor when you are familiar with the spirit of their crusading enterprise. Claude Monet pleases you, no doubt, with his marvelous rendering of sunlight and atmosphere, but you fail to understand the man's work until you have grasped the principles of current French luminarism. To judge of a picture you must know why it was painted.

But there is more in a picture than either critical eyesight or historical insight can discover, for the artist puts himself into his work. It is the soldier as seen by Detaille, the forest plus Diaz, the stag as it appeared to Landseer, the figure as it charmed Elihu Vedder or Kenyon Cox. "Art," says one, "is the union of truth and personality." A colored photograph cannot compare with a painting—the personality is lacking. You have truth and truth only—artifice, but not art; for great art always implies a great soul back of the art product.

Right here comes the supreme test. How sensitive is your own spiritual responsiveness? In other words, how genuine is your culture? Fra Angelico's angels, with hands clasped in ecstatic adoration, will leave you unmoved unless you feel the fine religious fervor of the monk who painted them. Millet's peasants are an uncouth folk until you feel the exquisite tenderness of Jean François himself. Corot's silvery landscapes are mere colored mists until you have somehow come into fellowship with the man of Barbizon. Only personality can interpret personality. You must be an artist yourself—in spirit, in feeling, in aspiration, if not in practice—if you are to find the man back of the painting, the soul that has made technique its handmaid, the personality that has transformed truth into art.

For so fine an achievement as this there is no rule, or, rather, there is every rule. The whole of life lies back of your art love. All that contributes to the grand total called personality—the discipline of experience, the fine touch of noble friendships, the inspiration of music and literature and the deep soul culture of religion—contributes to taste. What you are determines what you love. You cannot say, "Go to, I will admire the greatest pictures, I will appreciate the greatest masters." You cannot choose your favorites. They choose you. And they choose you precisely upon your merits. Art as truth you may study technically. Art as personality you will find as Sir Galahad found the Holy Grail—not by learning, but by being; not by doing this or that, but by doing all things well.—Congregationalist.

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Famous Trees of History

THE palm, the oak, and the ash are the three trees which, since times immemorial, says the Deutsche Rundschau, were held to be sacred trees. The first among them, which figures on the oldest monuments and pictures of the Egyptians and Assyrians, is the date-palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*), which was the symbol of the world and of creation, and the fruit of which filled the faithful with Divine strength and prepared them for the pleasures of immortality. "Honor," said Mohammed, "thy paternal aunt, the date-palm, for in Paradise it was created out of the same dust of the ground."

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Another Mohammedan tradition of a later period says that when Adam left Paradise he was allowed to take with him three things—a myrtle, because it was the most lovely and the most scented flower of the earth; a wheat-ear, because it had most nourishment; and a date, because it is the most glorious fruit of the earth. This date from Paradise was, in some marvelous way, brought to the Hejaz; from it have come all the date-palms in the world, and Allah destined it to be the food to all the true believers, who shall conquer every country where the date-palm grows.

The Jews and the Arabs, again, looked upon the same tree as a mystical allegory of human beings, for, like them, it dies when its head (the summit) is cut off, and when a limb (branch) is once cut off it does not grow again. Those who know can understand the mysterious language of the branches on days when there is no wind, when whispers of present and future events are communicated by the tree. Abraham of old, so the Rabbis say, understood the language of the palm.

The oak was always considered a "holy" tree by our own ancestors, and, above all, by the nations of the North of Europe. When Winifred of Devonshire (680-754 A. D.) went forth on his wanderings through Germany to preach the Gospel, one of his first actions was to cut down the giant oak in Saxony, which was dedicated to Thor and worshiped by the people from far and near. But when he had nearly felled the oak, and while the people were cursing and threatening the saint, a supernatural storm swept over it, seized the summit, broke every branch, and dashed it, with a tremendous crash, to the ground. The heathens acknowledged the marvel, and many were converted there and then.

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In the abbey of Vetrau, in Brittany, stood an old oak tree which had grown out of the staff of Saint Martin, the first Abbot of the monastery, and in the shade of which the Princes of Brittany prayed whenever they went into the Abbey. Nobody dared to pick even a leaf from this tree, and not even the birds dared to peck at it. Not so the Norman pirates, two of whom climbed the tree of Saint Martin to cut wood for their bows. Both of them fell down and broke their necks.

The Celts and Germans and Scandinavians, again, worshiped the noble mountain ash (*Fraxinus*), and it is especially in the religious myths of the latter that the "Askr Yggdrasil" plays a prominent part. To them it was the holiest among trees, the "world tree," which, eternally young and dewy, represented Heaven, earth and hell. According to the Edda, the ash yggdrasil was an evergreen tree. A specimen of it (says Adam of Bremen) grew at Upsala, in front of the great temple, and another in Dithmarschen, carefully guarded, for it was connected with the fate of the country.

White Horses

By Rudyard Kipling

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WHERE run your colts at pasture?
Where hide your mares to breed?
'Mid bergs against the Ice-cap
Or wove Sargasso weed;
By lightless reef and channel,
Or crafty coastwise bars,
But most the deep-sea meadows
All purple to the stars.

Who holds the rein upon you?
The latest gale let free.
What meat is in your mangers?
The glut of all the sea.
'Twixt tide and tide's returning
Great store of newly dead—
The bones of those that faced us,
And the hearts of those that fled.

Afar, offshore and single,
Some stallion, rearing swift,
Neighs hungry for new fodder,
And calls us to the drift.
Then down the cloven ridges—
Ten million hoofs unshod—
Break forth the wild white horses
To seek their meat from God!

Girth-deep in hissing water
Our furious vanguard strains—
Through mist of mighty tramplings
Roll up the fore-blown manes—
A hundred leagues to leeward,
Ere yet the deep hath stirred,
The groaning rollers carry
The coming of the herd!

Whose hand may grip your nostrils—
Your forelock who may hold?
E'en they that use the broods with us,
The riders bred and bold
That spy upon our matings,
That rope us where we run—
They know the wild white horses
From father unto son.

We breathe about their cradles,
We race their babes ashore,
We snuff against their thresholds,
We nuzzle at their door—
By day with stamping coursers,
By night in whinnying droves,
Creep up the wild white horses,
To call them from their loves.

And come they for your calling?
No wit of man may save.
They hear the wild white horses
Above their fathers' grave;
And kin of those we crippled
And sons of those we slew,
Spur down the wild white riders
To lash the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them,
Oh, jealous steeds and strong?
Save we that throw their weaklings,
Is none dare work them wrong.
While thick around the homestead
Our gray-backed squadrons graze—
A guard behind their plunder
And a veil before their ways.

With march and countermarchings—
With press of wheeling hosts—
Stray mob or bands embattled—
We ring the chosen coasts:
And, careless of our clamor
That bids the stranger fly,
At pence within our pickets
The wild white riders lie.

. . . . . .

Trust ye the curdled hollows—
Trust ye the gathering wind—
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—
Our herds are close behind!
To mill your foeman's armies—
To bray his camps abroad—
Trust ye the wild white horses,
The Horses of the Lord!

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The Most Widely Spoken Tongue

AT THE recent Postal Congress attention was called to the fact that two-thirds of all the letters which pass through the post-offices of the world are written by and sent to people who speak English. There are substantially 500,000,000 persons speaking colloquially one or another of the ten or twelve chief modern languages, and of these about twenty-five per cent., or 125,000,000 persons, speak English. About 90,000,000 speak Russian, 75,000,000 German, 55,000,000 French, 45,000,000 Spanish, 35,000,000 Italian, and 12,000,000 Portuguese, and the balance Hungarian, Dutch, Polish, Flemish, Bohemian, Gaelic, Roumanian, Swedish, Finnish, Danish and Norwegian. Thus, while only one-quarter of those who employ the facilities of the postal departments of civilized Governments speak, as their native tongue, English, two-thirds of those who correspond do so in the English language. This situation arises from the fact that so large a share of the commercial business of the world is done in English, even among those who do not speak English as their native language. Though 90,000,000 speak or understand Russian, the business of the Russian post department is relatively small, the number of letters sent through the Czar's Empire amounting to less than one-tenth of the number mailed in Great Britain alone, though the population of Great Britain is considerably less than one-half of the population of Russia in Europe. The Southern and Central American countries, in which either Spanish or Portuguese is spoken, do comparatively little post-office business, the total number of letters mailed and collected in a year in all the countries of South and Central America and the West Indies being less than in Australia.—Philadelphia Record.

We Love but Few

OUR LIVES we measure—kind words to all we say
To old friends—nil to new
Yet doth this truth grow clearer day by day—
We love but few

We love! we love! What easy word to say!
And yet
I sometimes sigh to be—Thou all-knowing One!—
And, lo! at once

Are breathed flowers and caressing notes
And bees that chime
Our hearts are light—we do not weigh our words
Nor measure time!

But when the natal ode shall all be sung
And life a great book
Lies open shown, and thick with
Do leaves grow the most,

Then down we say less often than we love
Lest words leave grown
With steady eyes we look to Christ above
And clasp our own!

Their lives are bound to ours by mighty bars
No mortal stir
Nor death itself, with his prevailing claws
Can snap or sever

The world is wide, and many names are dear,
And friendships true
But words—words read Time's year by year
We count out few.—Atlantic Monthly

* * *

What Tact Really Means

A TITLE-TRIBUTE IN FACT

TACT is a word most difficult to define. One of the French dictionaries describes it as "delicacy, or directness of judgment," and that, to my humble opinion, comes nearest to the true interpretation of the quality. It is one which is more indispensable to every day life than any other, the absence of which gives rise to boundless misery, while its possession may be regarded as forming

"the principal ingredients of happiness and the welfare of humanity."

Lack of tact has served to reduce to ruin what a noble and grand career, and to bring obloquy upon the most upright of characters; while its presence has served to counterbalance serious defects, and not only to successfully cloak moral shortcomings but even to render them tolerable. For tact implies kindness of heart, and to those possessing the latter we are always inclined to accord indulgence.

Napoleon III, for instance, a man whose private life was far from being above reproach, and whose unfortunate surroundings brought disaster upon his house and upon his country, was the most kind hearted and at the same time the most tactful of men. And it was not by his statesmanship nor yet by his conduct, but solely by his extraordinary tact, that he was able to conquer the strong prejudice that had been formed against him by Queen Victoria, by the late Czar and his consort, and by many others of the reigning families of Europe. And it was owing to his tact, helped by his work and wealth, that Napoleon III enjoyed the support of Great Britain.

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There are many instances that could be recounted to illustrate his tact. But the following will probably suffice. At one of the Court balls of the Tuileries, a gallant Colonel, while waltzing, lost his footing and brought both himself and his partner to the floor almost at the feet of the Emperor.

"Madame," remarked the Emperor, as he assisted the lady to rise, "*c'est la deuxième que je vous fais tomber le Colonel; la première fois, c'était sur le champ de bataille à Solferino.*" ("It is the second time that I have seen the Colonel fall, the first time it was on the battlefield of Solferino.")

That was a piece of exquisite tact and of kindly consideration, for it was calculated to raise the Colonel in the eyes of his fair partner and to dispel the sentiments of mortification and humiliation which he would naturally feel on account of his awkwardness. But displays of tact such as this are not necessarily limited to speech. Sometimes the very avoidance of any utterance constitutes tact.

Few people had more cause to appreciate this than old Baron Schaffer, who for so many years represented Austria at Washington. The Baron, it may be remembered, returned home and handed in his resignation in consequence of a blunder which he had committed here by communicating a strictly confidential dispatch intended for his own secret information to the American Secretary of State.

This mistake for a time seriously affected the relations between Austria and this country. Yet never a word of reproach did the old Baron receive from Count Kalnoky, the Austrian Chancellor and Minister of Foreign Affairs. "It was all my fault," Baron Schaffer used to say, in discussing the matter, "but Count Kalnoky possessed far too exquisite a degree of tact to tell me."

But tact is not necessarily restricted to persons of ancient lineage and of high breeding and of lofty rank. The seaman on the deck, or the porter at the railroad station who discreetly turns away so as not to appear to intrude upon our grief in parting from those near and dear to us, or upon our joy in welcoming them again, displays just as much delicate tact as either Napoleon III or Count Kalnoky in the two instances above quoted.

And where could one find more courtier-like tact than in that of the Mayoress of a small English provincial town who, on the occasion of Royalty attending a ball at the Mansion House, in London, having received a smiling warning from the Princess of Wales that her children were just recovering from the measles, and that he must therefore beware in dancing the quadrille with her, gallantly responded, with a low bow, that he was not afraid, and that he would be delighted to take anything from "such a charming source."

Mr. Gladstone, though the most remarkable and in many respects attractive figure in contemporary English life, is lamentably deficient in tact, as was that other and almost equally popular Grand Old Man, Lord Palmerston, before him. And it is entirely owing to this defect in the composition of their respective characters that they never succeeded in being altogether agreeable to their Royal mistress.

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Lord Beaconsfield, on the other hand, possessed tact in such a marked degree that he was able to bind both the old aristocracy of England, as well as the reigning family, to his private and detestable vulgarity, and induce them to submit to his gaudy.

It was by tact that he managed to overcome all their prejudices, and when he called the Queen "wrote about him to Dean Stanley as "her dearest friend" and described his demeanor as "an absolutely irreparable loss."

Among the thousands of instances of the tact that characterized his dealings with the Queen I need merely mention one. On the day that Queen Victoria paid her last visit to the old statesman at Hughenden Manor, he was, of course, at the station to receive her, as in duty bound. The first person to alight from the Royal train was that most favored and trusted of all the Queen's domestic servants, her Highland gillie, John Brown.

In the most gracious manner the Earl extended his hand to John, and shook his warmly, in full view of the Queen and of all the spectators of Her Majesty's arrival. It was a trifling act of condescension and yet it was one which few would have had the tact to think of, or, if thought of, to execute, through fear, probably, of the intention being misinterpreted.

Only those who know how thoroughly John Brown was disliked by all those who approached the Queen, his rough, blunt ways, and his indifference to and snubs of everybody, barring his Royal mistress, being bitterly resented, and creating a desire to humiliate him and keep him "in his place" and at arm's length—can appreciate the courtier-like tact of Lord Beaconsfield.

Of all tactless men, perhaps the most noted for this shortcoming was the late Lord Derby, who, notwithstanding his extraordinary talent, his remarkable common sense and sagacity, lived and died a soured, disappointed, misunderstood and unpopular man. Lack of tact was likewise the distinguishing characteristic of Signor Crispi, the Italian Premier. Thus, during the silver wedding festivities at Rome a year ago, finding himself face to face with the Empress of Germany, who immediately recognized him and extended her hand in the most gracious way, he showed in such a plain manner that he had no idea who on earth she could be, and that he considered her rather forward, that she was forced to mention her name before he could make up his mind to bow down and kiss the hand she extended to him.

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On another occasion, when his groom of the chambers had just announced Lord Dufferin and thrown open the folding doors leading into the office of the Premier, Crispi, without attempting to rise from the arm-chair in which he was lounging, contented himself with airily waving his hand to the Ambassador and bade him a negligent good morning, smiling pleasantly as he did so.

The smile was not returned, and Lord Dufferin, with his eyeglass in his eye, stopped short on the threshold and gazed steadfastly at Crispi with an expression of mingled hauteur and surprise. The Premier at last understood, and, jumping up in much confusion, rushed toward the most tactful of all Queen Victoria's Ambassadors, overwhelming him with apologies for his "unintentional discourtesy."

While Emperor Francis Joseph, Queen Victoria, Queen Christina of Spain and the Queen Regent of Holland are renowned for their tact, King Leopold of Belgium, the Portuguese Royalties, and particularly Emperor William, are noted for the absence of this quality.

Perhaps the most amusing illustration that can be given of Emperor William's lack of tact was when in taking leave of the Pope on the occasion of his last visit to Rome, he exclaimed in French, "*Que Dieu vous bénisse!*" ("God bless you!") The Emperor was probably unconscious of the purport of his remark at the moment, but the idea of bestowing his blessing on the Pope, instead of himself receiving it at the hands of the venerable Pontiff, must have taken even His Holiness by surprise. And yet it is entirely in keeping with the character and utterances of Emperor William, who considers himself as God's vicegerent over the German Empire—the "*summus rex*," and also the *summus episcopus*.

John Sedgwick's Valentine

By Samuel Minturn Peck

IT WAS high noon in Northport on Saint Valentine's day. John Sedgwick, the good looking teacher in the West Ward Grammar High School, came out of the post office among an envelope. The contents seemed to astonish him, for he had walked a block from the [illegible] before

[illegible]

And he had not gone two steps further when he stopped, leaned against the fence, pushed back his hat and scratched his head.

"Has the girl made me an offer of marriage? Let me read it again."

[illegible]

"Displeasure!" said Sedgwick. "A word must be coined to express my feelings. But what comes next?"

Words are clumsy tools sometimes. "I wish that I could photograph your perplexities clearly and vividly, and by the color would upon the sensitive plate. We have known each other for several months and have moved special in the same social circle, who must have noticed our devotion to each other."

"Yes, much against my will and greatly to my sorrow. Oh! the unconscious sarcasm of that word 'enjoyed.' 'Special facilities' refers to the boring Latin lessons I have been giving her every Friday evening. I couldn't refuse when she asked me because she's the daughter of Colonel Baker, Chairman of the School Committee. I wonder why she made me promise to keep the Latin lessons a secret? But the valentine—"

It has revealed at once to me, what probably, if not [illegible] minds, if not [illegible] in the progress of [illegible] great change[illegible] that you are [illegible] must be [illegible] of love[illegible]

Sedgwick groaned.

"If you can write to me [illegible] moment and [illegible] and wish to make me [illegible] not do it at all."

"And now, to stop [illegible] forget the [illegible] of the act in the [illegible] conclusion, if I have made a mistake, and that you will always keep my secret. For [illegible]

[illegible]

Yes, it was a plain-spoken proposal of marriage. Sedgwick put the letter in his pocket and tried to think what he should do.

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He now understood why Nora Cummins, the girl he loved, had been treating him so coldly—why she would not suffer him to tell her of his love. He had forgotten the first interpretation the secret Latin lessons might receive. Perhaps Nora thought he was a trifler, or even that detestable creature a male flirt. Then his [illegible] to Charlotte Baker's valentine.

"Was ever man in such a predicament?" he exclaimed in bewildered despair.

As for Charlotte, a singular feeling possessed him whenever he was in her presence. It was not the fear of the fascinated for the serpent. Charlotte did not hold him with a glittering eye. But with each lesson he had felt more and more like a fly in a spider's web. He had endeavored to make the lessons as prosaic as possible, but in spite of all Charlotte had enveloped him in an atmosphere of ownership. It was almost imperceptible at first, but it had increased and thickened about him till he grew helplessly wild. Sometimes she would join their futures, not by assertion but implication. She would allude, perhaps, to pleasant happenings to occur in years to come, and in a sentence or two later Sedgwick would, perchance, find himself accidentally acting a prominent part in that happy future, and now to crown it all had come this letter.

What should he do? He would like to ask his friend Tom Craig for advice, but it was a matter about which he could ask no one's advice, even if the girl had not placed [illegible] it were upon his honor.

However, there must be an answer of some kind. He could not meet Charlotte as if nothing had occurred. What would Craig do in his place? The fancy filled him with uncontrollable mirth. In spite of his horrible position he shook with laughter. A [illegible] had its [illegible]

"If I were but engaged to another girl! If I only had Nora Cummins' promise to marry me!" he said to himself, and the thought seemed an inspiration.

He knew what he would do. He would have it out with Nora, and he would be earnest, she simply could not say no to him. He would tell her he loved her as never man had told his love before, for when he thought of his love for Nora and Charlotte's horrible valentine he felt that his tongue could move [illegible]

"If Nora refused him! Ah, well, a man can always blow his brains out."

But how should he speak his love to Nora? What should be the mountain moving words? A jealous woman if Nora was [illegible] clouts—is often a positive. If she Nora could ask him some very embarrassing questions. But he must not answer it; must not permit himself to be put on the defensive. For how could a man make love and make excuses at the same time? No! I must win the girl with a rush as a cavalry force gains a battle.

At 8 P. M., after a walk through the snow, he found himself in Nora's cozy parlor.

How pretty were the dancing firelight and the rose shade lamps! Little knots of violets filled the room with fragrance as I forward the hand that had brought them in from the chilly garden. The perfume seemed to go to Sedgwick's head. His heart beat rapidly, and all the eloquent words he had planned to [illegible] now threatened to [illegible] in [illegible] inextricable tangle. If he could only think what bliss it would be to pass all the evenings of his life with Nora in a room like this, lit by a rosy light and scented with violets. Nora entered.

"It is very stormy, Mr. Sedgwick," she said, pretending to stir the fire which needed no stirring. She perceived at once that something impended.

"Quite so, indeed, Miss Nora."

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She would hinder his declaration. The evening should pass as so many others had passed. Sedgwick grew indignant.

"Miss Nora—"

She left the fire and sat down.

"Miss Nora, I cannot stand this kind of thing any longer," began Sedgwick, forgetting to speak [illegible]

"No, Nora, it is too late. I have something to say that must be heard. I love—Nora, I loved you the first time we ever met. For a while all seemed to go well. I thought I was winning your love. Then you changed. I can't describe the change, but you seemed to get further and further away, yet I loved you all the more—all the more. Oh, Nora, you never leave my mind—no matter what comes into it, it finds you, and when it goes it leaves you there. Nora, say that you will be my wife. I know I can make you love me if you will only let me try."

Tears were gathering in the girl's eyes.

"Nora, let me try," repeated the man, taking her hand. She drew her hand away.

"I do like you a little, Mr. Sedgwick—"

"Oh, Nora—"

"Stop!" she exclaimed, and steadying her voice she continued: "I also have something to say that must be heard, Mr. Sedgwick. Sometimes a girl says 'yes' sometimes very kindly when if she had first opened her heart and told her little doubts, her little misgivings, it would save her a lifetime of regret."

"Yes, yes, Nora, go on."

"You have asked me to marry you, Mr. Sedgwick. I cannot answer till I ask you a question. I am not jealous. But what takes you to Colonel Baker's every Friday evening? Is it love or is it policy?"

Her voice was quite steady now, and grew colder and stiffer with each word.

"It is neither, Nora. I cannot tell you why I go. It is a secret. Believe me and trust me."

"I trust you," she repeated, growing angry. "Then you would not tell me even if I promised to marry you?"

"I could not," said Sedgwick in agony. "It is not my secret. Only listen—"

"No!" interrupted the girl, quivering. "I will not listen. So I must let you try to make me love you. I must engage myself to you while you keep secrets with another girl. Never, Mr. Sedgwick. I thought I cared for you, but I was mistaken. I hate you, and I wish that I might never, never see you again." She stopped out of breath, and tried to calm herself.

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There was a silence in the room for a moment. The man gazed at the girl, and all the yearning of his heart was concentrated in his look.

"Nora, I love you—"

"Good-by, forever," said Nora, with the [illegible] of wrath flashing from her tearful blue eyes.

The storm without had grown more violent, but what cared Sedgwick for the storm? It is doubtful if he was conscious of it, or if he was he renoced at it. There are times in a man's life—fortunately there are few—when there is such a tempest in his heart that he experiences a kind of relief from the struggle within him in rushing forth into a storm and battling with the elements.

Could he have looked behind him with a gaze capable of piercing the black night and seen Nora lying on the sofa and sobbing, no longer the sobs of anger, but the broken-hearted catching little sobs that melt the hardest heart, and make a man get on his knees and call himself a brute when he may be as innocent as an angel, perhaps Sedgwick would not have deemed his suit hopeless.

nor his life a wreck. Unhappy, not being blessed with this magic vision, he splashed in a reckless wretchedness.

When he drew near his room it seemed to him that he could not enter and drag out a reckoning with his miserable thoughts. A light was shining from the window of Brown & Brown's counting room, and his friend Tom Craig was still up and at work on his books. Sedgwick went around to the back door and knocked.

Craig was whistling as he toiled.

"Who's there?" he called out, opening the door. "Hello, Sedgwick! Great Scott! how wet you are! Come to the fire and dry yourself. What's up now?" he added, returning to his desk.

"Craig, I'm a ruined man!" said Sedgwick abruptly, throwing himself into a chair.

"What! Has the School Committee discharged you?" said Craig, wheeling around on his high stool and sticking his pen over his ear.

"Has the Doctor told you that you have incipient paresis?"

"No!" thundered Sedgwick.

"Then, Great Scott, what is the matter?"

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"Craig," said Sedgwick, with a white face, "I have asked the only woman I have ever loved to marry me, and she says that she hates me."

"By George! this is growing interesting," said Craig, filling his pipe. "I must light up. Says she hates you, does she? Surely something went before."

"Of course, but I can tell you only a part."

"Tell me half, and I can guess the rest. First, which girl is it?"

"Craig, don't be an ass! Why, Nora Cummins."

"How could I know, when you spend every Friday evening with pretty Charlotte Baker?" said Craig, in an injured tone.

"I thought Nora liked me at first," began Sedgwick, ignoring Craig's thrust, "but she has been acting cold and queerly for months. To-night I determined to have it out with her, and I have had it; and she says she hates me, and tells me good by forever."

"But what happened before?"

"Oh, well, I told her I loved her. After that she owned that she liked me a little. Then everything went wrong. She grew angry at something, tears came into her eyes. She grew more angry, said she hated me, and wished she might never see me again, and then told me good by forever."

"And you left?"

"Yes," said Sedgwick hopelessly.

Craig gave a long whistle.

"Great Scott, Sedgwick, you don't deserve to win a pretty girl!"

"Why?"

"If you had stayed five minutes longer and kept it up Nora Cummins would have been crying on your shoulder."

"Don't be an idiot, Craig."

"It is every word true, Sedgwick. If she had been quiet about it and said she liked you very much and would always be your friend or love you like a sister, that would have meant no, and you might have considered the game up. Instead of that she owns that she likes you a little, then grows jealous, says she hates you, and tells you good by forever, with tears in her eyes. Why, man, that was the most emphatic yes ever spoken. But you've played the miserable by leaving as you did. It was the rudest act I ever knew. She may forgive you, but I doubt it."

"Craig, you were not there. You know nothing about it. I tell you, Nora Cummins was the angriest woman to-night I ever saw—and the prettiest," added Sedgwick, with a groan.

"Why don't I know anything about it? Haven't I been engaged six months to Margaret Williams? Great Scott, hasn't Margaret told me half a dozen times that she cried? and cried? and all that? But I always stay on and by and by I wipe the tears away, and all is serene. But have it your own way, only don't mope. It will all come right, old boy, after a little while."

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He knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"I am awfully busy," he added, returning to work. "I must finish these books and direct these two heaps of envelopes on the table. You might help me if you would. Work is the best remedy for grief."

"I will help you with the envelopes," said Sedgwick sorrowfully. "To whom are they to go?"

"There are two lists of names," said Craig, over his shoulder, scratching away at his books, "and two heaps of envelopes which contain advertising slips. One heap of envelopes advertises certain pretty novelties not received, and is to be addressed to all the young girls in the place. The advertisements in the other heap of envelopes relate eloquently the wonderful virtues of a patent medicine, warranted to cure rheumatism and all the ills of age, and are to be sent to all the old women and men in the county. The heap of envelopes to the right goes to the girls, and the one to the left to the old folks. Now be sure you don't make a mistake, for if you should, there would be the worst sort of racket in town."

Alas for the envelopes! Craig, at the desk, faced one way, Sedgwick at the table faced the other, and their rights and lefts were reversed.

Sedgwick dipped his pen in the ink, and picked up the list of girls. The first name seemed to infuriate him, for he took an envelope recklessly and wrote the name upon it with vicious energy, and then upset the ink upon the floor.

"Great heavens!" said Sedgwick, jumping up to escape the black flood.

"You've played mischief," cried Craig. "Never mind, I'll finish them myself. How many did you direct?"

"Only one," said Sedgwick.

Only one envelope had Sedgwick directed, but that was written in his boldest hand.

After Charlotte Baker had posted to John Sedgwick the bit of epistolary dynamite that she erroneously supposed to be a valentine, it seemed to her that time would never pass. The Northport post office was closed on Sunday, so she did not expect a reply till Monday.

Was there ever so tiresome a Sunday! But however Time may flag, his flight never stops, and Monday came at last.

It was a beautiful February day. The buds in the swamplands by the river were swelling, and the sky was full of the balmy sunshine of a Southern spring whose radiance peeps everywhere, prying under old logs, gnarled roots, and lichened rocks, waking the wild violet and oxalis in their mossy beds, and threading the swamp thickets and canebrakes to laugh upon the redbird's wing in a riot of scarlet. The south wind, too, had come up from the Gulf of Mexico, burying the wings of the swallows in their twittering ecstasy, caressing the peach boughs till they blushed with delight, and shaking the bees from the wild plum blossoms in elfish glee. Everywhere was fragrance, and the world was young again.

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All this was lost upon Charlotte as she hurried to the post office. Yet her indifference was not punished. She found a letter.

It was from Sedgwick she knew, without opening, for his writing was familiar to her. Her heart beat so rapidly she could scarcely stand. But it was joy, not fear, that caused the palpitation. What need to open the letter? He loved her, he was hers! Otherwise had she not told him not to write?

She carried the letter a long way in her hand unopened. Her scheme had brilliantly succeeded. Cicero and Virgil might now return to the dusty garret. Suddenly a happy thought came to her, and she laughed aloud.

She was on her way to a special meeting of the "Young Women's Literary Circle." Margaret Williams, Emma Brown, Nora Cummins—all the girls would be present. How delightful it would be, when all had assembled, to get one of the girls, by some ruse, to open the letter for her and read it aloud! How she would enjoy her triumph! Just to watch the face of Nora Cummins would be ample compensation for all the weary hours she had spent over the Latin grammar. Yes, she would do it. Of course, when the right time came she would seize the letter, pretend to blush, and declare she had had no idea what it contained.

She put the letter unopened in her pocket, and began to rehearse the coming scene mentally, as she walked.

The "Young Women's Literary Circle" met that morning at the house of Emma Brown. When Charlotte arrived, the meeting had been called to order by Margaret Williams, who was President. Charlotte perceived that she must defer her triumph and wait for a propitious moment. It did not arrive until the meeting adjourned and the girls were in Emma's room, putting on their wraps. Emma, as hostess, assisted the girls, all of whom were talking at the same time, and the room was full of merry chatter.

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Suddenly Emma exclaimed:

"Girls, some one has dropped a letter. It is yours, Charlotte," she added, glancing at the back.

At the word letter every one had stopped talking and turned to Emma.

"Yes," said Charlotte, carelessly, pretending to be very busy adjusting her veil over her tresses. "It is from Mr. Sedgwick."

There was a perfect silence.

"I came by the post office," continued Charlotte, "and when I found I was so late I did not like to stop to read it, but stuck it in my pocket and hurried along. Open it for me, Emma," she added, still fumbling with her veil.

"I don't like to open your letter, Charlotte," said Emma.

"Oh, nonsense, Emma. Mr. Sedgwick has merely written about a book or some other trifle. Open it for me and read it," replied Charlotte, as if notes from Sedgwick were a daily occurrence. The girls were all intensely interested, and Nora Cummins bit her lip. Emma opened the letter.

"'Spring's Liniment!'" exclaimed the bewildered Emma, looking upon an advertising circular in astonishment and looking to Charlotte Baker for enlightenment.

"Give it to me," cried Charlotte.

At Emma Brown's exclamation the girls gathered about her, wild with curiosity. They thought they scented a joke—a joke on Charlotte—and some of them were glad.

"Let me have it," insisted Charlotte.

"No, no, Emma, don't give it to her!" shouted the girls, with peals of laughter.

"No, give it to me," said Margaret Williams, seizing the advertisement. "I am President of this literary society, and it is my duty to inspect all printed matter brought to it. Ladies,' she continued, knocking on a table with a hairbrush, "come to order!' Miss Baker has imported into the circle a clever literary brochure that a young man was kindly sent to her. Shall I read it to you?'

"Read it, read it,' exclaimed the girls, laughing and clapping their hands.

"'Ahem!' said Margaret. "'Spring's Liniment, good for man or beast. A sure cure for stiffness, bruises, sprains, and all rheumatic affections. Taken internally removes all heart trouble, etc.' This essay is illustrated. Ladies, I hold the picture before and after Charlotte's heart.'

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Margaret got no further, for Emma Brown took the circular and gave it to Charlotte.

To the gay and thoughtless girls the affair was the best of fun. The incongruity of the matter filled them with almost hysterical glee.

"Good for stiffness, don't you understand, Charlotte? He thinks it's leap year, he wants you to leap," said one girl.

"No, no, Charlotte removes heart trouble. Mr. Sedgwick wishes to cure you of an unrequited attachment," said another girl.

"Stop!" exclaimed Charlotte, in a tone that stilled the laughing throng. "This advertisement is not a joke. It is an insult." And with a face of fury she thrust the circular in her pocket and left the house.

Nora Cummins alone had taken no part in the chatting. Of course, there was a mistake somewhere, for she knew that John Sedgwick would not wound the feelings of any one. All the same, something whispered to Nora that Sedgwick did not love Charlotte Baker, and she was very happy.

An hour later, as Tom Craig was resting a moment from his labors in the doorway of Brown & Brown's, he looked across the street and saw Nora Cummins and John Sedgwick. They were strolling along with lover-like slowness, both evidently desirous to clip the wings of time. Craig bowed half way to the ground, and, with a smile of similar dimensions, said to himself:

"Just what I expected! Lucky boy!"

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Alas for Craig! a shadow of unforeseen tragedy was fast approaching to darken his friendly mirth. Some one had entered the other door. Startled by the aggressive rustle of old gaunt drapery, he turned and saw the tall and threatening form of Charlotte Baker.

"When you have finished laughing and conversing with yourself, Mr. Craig, will you kindly tell me how your friend, Mr. Sedgwick, came into possession of this?" said Charlotte, thrusting into his hand an envelope.

He gave one look at the contents of the envelope and one glance at Charlotte Baker's face, and as the horrible truth flashed over the terror-stricken Craig, he exclaimed:

"Great Scott! Just let me catch him!"

—From the Illustrated American.

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Eating Before Going to Bed

A WRITER in Italia Femmile, quoted by the National Druggist is not much in favor of the theory that late suppers are injurious. "He declares in fact," says the latter paper, "that many persons who remain thin and weakly in spite of all precautions in regard to diet etc., owe the fact largely to habitual abstemiousness at night. He says, very truly, that physiology teaches us that, in sleeping as in waking, there is a perpetual waste going on in the tissues of the body, and it seems but logical that nourishment should be continuous as well. The digestion of the food taken in at dinner time, or in the early evening, is finished, as a usual thing, before or by bedtime, yet the activity of the processes of assimilation, etc., progress for hours afterward, and, when one retires with an empty stomach the result of this activity is sleeplessness, and an undue wasting of the system. 'All other creatures,' says the writer, 'outside of man, are governed by a natural instinct, which leads those having a stomach to eat before lying down for the night. The infant, guided by the same instinct, takes the breast frequently, in the night as well as day, and if its stomach is allowed to remain empty too long it shows its discomfort by noisy crying. The digestive organs have no need for repose, providing, always, that the quantity of nourishment taken within the twenty-four hours does not go beyond the normal limit. The fact that the intervals between meals is short works no inconvenience but, on the contrary, tends to the avoidance of feebleness which is the natural result of an interval extended to too great a length. Feeble persons, lean and emaciated people, and, above all, those suffering from insomnia owe it to themselves not to retire without taking some nourishment into the stomach—bread and butter, a glass of rich milk, a few crackers, or even a bit of juicy cold meat, for instance. Going to sleep with the stomach empty is more injurious to health and repose than most realize."

Sayings of the Children

WISDOM OF THE NURSERY

CHEERING GRANDMA.—Little Gladys: "Grandy, go down on your hands and knees for a minute, please." Fond Grandmother: "What am I to do that for, my pet?" Gladys: "'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

HEARING AUNT'S DUTY.—Susie: "And so you are an old maid, auntie, a real old maid?" Aunt Ethel: "Yes, Susie, dear, I'm a real old maid." Susie (wishing to be nice and comforting): "Well, never mind, poor, dear auntie, I'm sure it wasn't your fault."

A STINGING REPORT.—"Papa," said a small girl at the dinner table the other evening, "what's a millionaire?"

"Ruth said to me to-day, 'Your father's a millionaire,'" "What did you say?" asked the small girl's father. "Oh, I jus' said 'So's yours.'"

STRANGENESS OF CITY LIFE.—A little girl whose parents had recently moved to another city, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a block, has described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened on our house."

A MISUNDERSTOOD OBJECT LESSON.—A school inspector, finding a class hesitating over answering the question, "With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?" and wishing to prompt them, significantly tapped his cheek and asked: "What is this?" The whole class: "The jawbone of an ass."

AVOIDING THE SUPERFLUOUS.—Little Mamie is sick in bed, but refuses persistently to take the prescribed pill. Her mother, however, resorts to strategy, concealing the pill in some preserved pear and giving it to the child to eat. After a while, mamma asks: "Has my little dear eaten her pear?" "All except the seed, mamma, dear."

MARVELOUS LOYALTY.—"Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?" "Yes, she stood up for you at dinner." "Stood up for me! Was anybody saying anything against me?" "No, nothing much. Father thought you were rather a donkey, but she got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought not to judge a man by his looks."

PAST OR LOST ANTICIPATIONS.—"Oh," exclaimed Marjorie Manson, as the dessert came on, "how I wish you had told me this morning, mamma, that you were going to have ice cream for dinner!" "Why, what difference would it have made?" inquired Mrs. Manson. "Oh, lots!" with a sigh. "I could have expected it all day, then!"

LITTLE BETTY'S JOYFULNESS.—Little Betty was at her first evening entertainment, where everybody was strange to her. She grew homesick, and with tears in her eyes begged her hostess to send her home. As she was starting, a smile shone through her tears, and she said: "Good by, Mrs Smith! Mamma told me to be sure and tell you I had a nice time."

A VOICE IN THE DARK.—"Mamma please gimme a drink of w——. I'm so thirsty." "No; you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." (A pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty." "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and spank you!" (Another pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to spank me?"

TOMMY SCORES ONE.—Tommy's father's business affairs call him from home early in the morning and keep him until late at night to such an extent that the two are but slightly acquainted. Recently the old gentleman found it necessary to punish Tommy for some offense, and the boy, with tears in his eyes, sought his mother for consolation. "Why, what's the matter, Tommy?" "The man that sleeps here nights spanked me," he sobbed.

SIZING UP HUMANITY.—"Oh, papa," said a little seven-year-old Milwaukee girl the other day, pointing to some workmen who were on the roof of a very high building, "see those little Brownies up!"

"Those are not Brownies, my dear," replied the matter-of-fact parent. "Those are big men, like me, and they look little because they are up so high." "If they were up twice as high would they be twice as small?" pursued the little one. "Yes." The juvenile brain was at work some seconds before reaching the logical conclusion: "Then won't amount to much when they get way up to Heaven, will they, papa?"

JUVENILE ESSAY ON BOYS.—At a recent Bombay school board examination for girls, one of the tasks was an essay on boys, and this was one of the compositions, just as it was handed in by a girl of twelve: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like a frog, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grew up girl is a widow and keeps house at home all by herself."

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

The Naughty Little Girl

By Samuel Minturn Peck

SHE is homely. She is tricky;
And I'm greatly grieved to tell,
Her hands are always sticky
With a chocolate caramel.
Her dolly's battered features
Speak of many a frantic hurl.
She's the terror of her teachers—
That naughty little girl.

She can whoop like a Comanche,
You can hear her round the square;
Further—like an Indian she
Often creeps and pulls my hair;
And she steals into my study,
And she turns my books a-whirl,
And her boots are always muddy—
That naughty little girl.

She dotes upon bananas,
And she smears them on my knees;
She peppers my Havanas,
And delights to hear me sneeze;
Yet—why, I can't discover—
Spite of every tangled curl,
She's a darling, and I love her—
That naughty little girl!

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The Castle Taken with One Gun

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND gives the following illustration of a boy's temptations: "You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking party had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle, but one soldier said, 'I can show you how you can take the castle,' and he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same thing the next day, and the next. By-and-by the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through. With a single gun firing away at everybody's life, the father of lies is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul, and if you never have any temptation you will never have any practice. A boy who attends fifty drills is a better soldier than one that drills twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourself resolutely to face them."

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New Method of Telegraphing Figures

TO THOSE people who use the telegraph extensively, and who spend much time in attempting to crowd twenty words into ten, a new book by Charles Stewart will be of interest. The book contains a novel telegraphic code, by means of which any number from one to a million may be expressed by a single word of not more than ten letters. Telegraph companies in transmitting numbers charge for each figure as a separate word. Thus 74,013 is reckoned as five words, whereas by the Stewart system "rulidoka," meaning the same thing, would count only as one word.

The code contains two tables. One gives a series of equivalents for the numbers 1 to 999, and the other gives a series of equivalents for the numbers 1000 to 999,000, and by combining one gets the equivalents of any numbers from 1 to 999,999.

This system may be better understood by consulting the following examples: The numbers 1001, 1002, 1003, etc., are formed as follows: Du, 1000; Da, 1; duda, 1001; du, 1000; fa, 2; dufa, 1002; du, 1000; ka, 3; duka, 1003; fu, 2000; sona, 86; fusona, 2086; kuti, 34,000; tonsa, 968; kulitonsa, 34,968; tuti, 99,000; totta, 999; tuttitotta, 99,999; kulmi, 345,000; norsa, 678; kulminorsa, 345,678.

The numbers from one to ten are expressed as follows: 1 da, 2 fa, 3 ka, 4 lu, 5 ma, 6 na, 7 ra, 8 sa, 9 ta, 10 doba. These form the basis for combinations, which grow as the figures become larger. When a broker and customer use the code, an order to buy or sell "dubi shares" will mean "10,000 shares," and the election reporter who tells of "lunri votes" will mean 467,000.

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A Tree that Thrives on Fire

THERE is a tree of Colombia, the Rhopala, which presents a most remarkable power of resistance to fire. In the district of Rolima it is customary every year, during the dry season, to set fire to the plains in order to destroy all the dry weeds that, during rains, might interfere with the growth of the young and tender vegetation. This periodical conflagration naturally produces the most disastrous effects upon the trees, which gradually disappear without being replaced, since it is difficult for an old tree to resist, and still more so for a young shoot of one or two years. A single tree forms an exception, and that is the one above mentioned—the Rhopala. Small, distorted and scraggy, and having a wild and desolate appearance, this tree not only does not suffer from the fire, but derives profit therefrom. It gradually establishes itself in localities abandoned by other trees and installs itself therein. Its resistance to fire is due to its bark. The external portion of the latter, more than half an inch thick and formed of dead cells and fibres, acts like a protective jacket with respect to the more central and living parts, and this assures its triumph in its struggle for existence against very fierce fires.

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Meissonier's "1807"

ONE of Meissonier's favorites among his own pictures was the "1807," which is in the New York Metropolitan Museum, having been bought by the late A. T. Stewart, and presented to the museum by his business successor, Judge Hilton. It is one of the artist's largest and most labored works, and he appears to have been at infinite pains to secure historical accuracy in the details. For instance, he learned from an officer who had served under Ney that that General had been in the habit of wearing his capote with the sleeves hanging loose, after the fashion of a hussar's jacket; and Ney is so painted in the picture. Having adverted to this idea of giving merely a hint of war's destruction by the trampling down of a field of unripe grain, he adds: "How many difficulties might I not have avoided by replacing this green wheat with dust!" Doubtless, the trouble that the picture had cost him made it seem to him more perfect than it really is. Yet he always regretted not having begun it earlier, when there were more veterans of the Napoleonic wars alive to supply him with further details.

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Safety Greatest on Fastest Trains

THE Empire State Express, or the Congressional Limited, says a writer in Saint Nicholas, rushes across the country at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Many a passenger is troubled by the question that continually arises at every sharp sway or jolt of the cars: "Is there not danger in such rapid traveling?"

In his seat forward the engineer would reply grimly to this question with a negative shake of the head, and the general superintendent of the road, or the train-dispatcher in his office at headquarters, would second this answer with a more emphatic "No."

But why? "Because the engines used for this service are larger, better equipped and better cared for than any others," the engineer would reply. "They are provided with every modern device to prevent accident; and, though they fairly fly along the track, they are never beyond our immediate control. And then—we're more wide-awake and alert for danger."

"The danger is less for the reason that everybody along the line is looking out for the rapid flyers," would say the train-dispatcher. "They have the right of way, and we always clear the tracks for the expresses. They are special favorites, and we give extra careful attention to them."

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The Chinaman's Care of His Horses

THERE is a Chinese vegetable peddler in Portland whose two horses have long been admired by his customers. He feeds them on the street, and one day lately, some passers-by, who saw that the man always seemed to be concocting some special dish for the team, watched him prepare their noonday meal.

He led the horses into the shade, loosened the traces and took off the bridles. Then he took a nose-bag for each, and into each bag poured a good measure of rolled barley. Next he cut up some carrots small, put them into the nose-bags, and mixed them up with the barley. Finally he went to his wagon, and got four eggs, two of which he broke into each measure, and stirred them up with the barley and carrots.

The horses watched all these preparations with great interest, and were "correspondingly elated," as the election dispatches say, when the bags containing the appetizing mixture were hung on their noses. They proceeded to eat with much gusto, and the Chinaman turned to a frugal luncheon of his own, consisting of an onion and a piece of dry bread.—Portland Oregonian.

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Reading with a Pencil

By G. A. Warburton

ONE must own his books to do it. Scribbling in other people's books, even those of a library, is a nuisance. Owning the books—here is a hint or two:

A clear mental grasp must precede any helpful marking. Skimming may do for some purposes, but will not leave much in the brain of the man who does it. Look first for ideas. They are more important than words. Mark the idea. Drawing lines underneath will help to make it prominent if you have occasion to look it up afterward. In seeking for ideas think whether they confirm your own or differ from them. Have you seen the same thought expressed elsewhere? If so, locate the place and make a note on the page referring to it. Distinguish between facts and opinions, between proved and assumed facts. Your reading should be stimulating to your own thought, and that thought must not be a mere echo of what the author says.

Some books are intended to show the beauties of language. They appeal to the artistic instinct. In them you are to look for perfection of form. When such beauty is found, mark it! If a noble idea is cast in a perfect mould of words, commit it to memory; it will serve you well in conversation, writing or public speech.

When a book is finished go over it hastily again. See where you have marked it, and why. If you have done it well, you will discover that the marked passages will give a synopsis of the book. Marking with a pencil is valuable only as it stimulates close mental application and absorption. This is difficult at first, but may become habitual.

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What is a Creole?

WHAT is a creole? A creole properly and in strict sense is the child of any foreign parents who is born on American soil. The accepted use of the term, which is Spanish, is for one who is born of French parents in the States of the South, especially Louisiana and Florida. In those States the creole is the high-caste native, but the term has been misused to designate the mixed mulatto races, descended from French or Spanish fathers and Indian or other native mothers; but this use is incorrect. In the Gulf coast region the generic term "Dago" (a corruption of the Spanish name, "Diego") is used to cover all the mixed races except the creole proper. He is the very Hidalgo of the coast country. He is ever proud of his blue-blooded descent, and not infrequently comes from an old and titled family. He is proud, gracious, fond of cigarettes and sometimes absinthe, and has an inborn boycott on labor. The creole women have a languid and sinuous beauty and grace of their own, rarely equaled by those of colder blood and skies. It is a fad with the old creole families of New Orleans not to mix socially with the American society. A type of the class is Madame Latour, in T. C. de Leon's Creole and Puritan, a grande dame of eighty who knows no word of English and has never crossed Canal Street.

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A Country without Domestic Animals

"JAPAN is a country without domestic animals," writes M. E. Muller in a communication to the Paris Geographical Society, reported in the Revue Scientifique. "The inhabitants of Japan neither eat beef nor drink milk, and consequently the cow is of no use in their domestic economy. The Japanese do not ride horseback; their two-wheeled vehicles are drawn and their palanquins are carried by porters. Besides, they have neither mules, asses, nor other beasts of burden. There are numerous dogs in the country, but they all run wild. The Japanese keep these animals neither for the chase nor for protection. It is very rare for one to meet a domesticated dog, and such a dog always belongs to a foreigner. As to sheep, goats and swine, the Japanese do not raise them. The place of the wool that sheep could furnish is taken with them by silk, which is very cheap, so they do not wear woolen garments. In a Japanese establishment fowls are seen rarely, ducks and pigeons still more seldom; they are raised only to satisfy the demands of foreigners. Some persons in the suburbs of Yeddo raise cattle, but not for purposes of rural economy. The animals are used only for religious ceremonials; in fact, they are intended to draw the funeral car when some member of the Mikado's family dies."

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Writing Sermons While Asleep

ONE of the most remarkable and puzzling stories of somnambulism has recently come to light. The subject, says The New York Telegram, was a young ecclesiastic at a seminary. The bishop of the diocese was so deeply interested that he went nightly to the young man's chamber. He saw him get out of bed, secure paper, compose and write sermons. On finishing a page he read it aloud. When a word displeased him he wrote a correction with great exactness. The bishop had seen a beginning of some of these somnambulistic sermons and thought them well composed and correctly written. Curious to ascertain whether the young man made use of his eyes, the bishop put a card under his chin to prevent him seeing the paper, but he still continued to write.

Not yet satisfied whether or not he could distinguish different objects placed before him, the bishop took away the piece of paper on which he wrote and substituted several other kinds at different times of various colors. He always perceived the change, because the pieces of paper were of different sizes. When a piece exactly like his own was substituted he used it, and wrote his corrections on the places corresponding to those of his own paper. It was by this means that portions of his nocturnal compositions were obtained. His most astonishing production was a piece of music written with great exactitude. He used a cane for a ruler. The clefs, the flats and the sharps were all in their right places. The notes were all made as circles, and those requiring it were afterward blackened with ink. The words were all written below, but once they were in such very large characters that they did not come directly below their proper notes, and perceiving this he erased them all and wrote them carefully over again.

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What Night Blindness Means

NIGHT blindness is a rare condition, in which a person toward evening finds that objects are becoming less and less distinct, and at last he is totally blind. This may occur without previous warning, and cause great alarm, and next morning he finds that his sight is restored. This is repeated every night; but at last the eyes become weak during the day also, and suffer paralysis of the optic nerve. This strange affection may, in some cases, become epidemic. It has attacked bodies of troops exposed to great fatigue and the glare of the sun's rays. If there are no symptoms of disease within the brain, recovery generally results by protection of the eyes from the light, and entire repose. It is frequent among the natives of some parts of India, who attribute it to sleeping exposed to the moonbeams.

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The Latest Submarine Boat

EATING a meal cooked twenty feet under water is a sensation not enjoyed every day. An invention perfected by Simon Lake, of Baltimore, has, however, rendered that and even more possible, says the Free Press, of London, Ontario. It is a steel boat that will crawl about on the bottom of a river or the sea like an alligator in the mud. It rolls along on the ground on corrugated iron wheels. One feature worth noting in respect to this submarine boat is that it is designed for the arts of peace rather than of war. When a steamer is sunk with her cargo this submarine boat will descend alongside the wreck and gather therefrom her freight and other valuables, and then silently appear on the surface once more. The submarine vessel is twenty-nine feet long and nine feet wide. When it is to be sunk certain steel compartments are filled with water. As these fill, the vessel sinks beneath the waves till she strikes bottom, not hurriedly, but gently and gradually. The crew number six. They receive air through a tube which rises from the boat to the surface and floats open-ended upon the water. A tank of compressed air supplies ventilation to the forward compartment, from which a diver leaves the submarine boat to explore wrecks. A flagstaff above the surface of the water shows the whereabouts of the craft beneath. The compartments are emptied of water and filled with air to raise the boat.

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Fifty Years of Preparation

"IT IS marvelous, Mr. President," said a correspondent once to Thiers, the former head of the French Republic, "how you deliver long, improvised speeches about which you have not had time to reflect." "You are not paying me a compliment," he replied; "it is criminal in a statesman to improvise speeches on public affairs. The speeches you call improvised—why, for fifty years I have been rising at five o'clock in the morning to prepare them!"

A man's work shows whether he has expended the last ounce of his strength upon any achievement or has an unused reserve.

Do not mistake acquirement or mere knowledge for power. Like food, these things must be digested and assimilated to become life or force. Learning is not wisdom; knowledge is not necessarily vital energy. The student who has to cram through a school or a college course, who has made himself merely a receptacle for the teacher's thoughts and ideas, is not educated; he has not gained much. He is a reservoir, not a fountain. One retains, the other gives forth. Unless his knowledge is converted into wisdom, into facility, it will become stagnant like still water.

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The Scot and His Tartan Plaid

MANY of the so-called Scotch plaids are not tartans at all in the literal meaning of the word, says the Philadelphia Record. There are about thirty-one veritable tartan plaids to-day, the cognizance of as many Scotch clans. Queen Victoria being a Stuart wears the plaid of that clan. She also wears the "Victoria" plaid, which is the ground plaid of the Stuart tartan. Technically, the tartan is a woolen cloth, with checkers and cross-bars of narrow lines of color. It is said to be derived from the French, "tiretaine," signifying "linsey-woolsey." This sounds rather far-fetched, but Webster assigns this origin to the word.

The Royal Road to Success

CHARACTERISTICS NEEDED BY INDIVIDUALS

By Dorothy Quigley

WHEN you understand yourself and your fellow-men, you should then study to know how to use the power within you so you will not waste volumes of energy through ignorance. Then you will not dissipate your vitality through anger, worry, and attending to other persons' affairs, unless it is your business to do so. Many a woman makes herself look like a withered orange by wasting her energy and vital strength in futile efforts to accomplish vain reforms. The first impulse of an intelligent engineer would be to put the governor on an engine in which the steam was evaporating near to the danger point. How many human engines dissipate their will-force and their energy through unchecked anger, continual fretting and misguided philanthropies until they become unattractive, broken-down machines?

Above all things, mind your own business, but be keenly alive. When you are negative and indifferent you are really half dead. There are unused muscles in your body withering away for want of exercise; there are unused cells in your brain contracting for want of nourishing thoughts. Get physical poise and keep it by proper exercise. Try to become nobly self-centred and harmonious. When you are in a discordant mental state you are depleting your energy. You are sinfully wasting it. It is worse than if you threw gold into the street.

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Get your mental poise as you do your physical. When the body is tense and strained let go of it for a time. Let it become limp. When the mind is disturbed and unhappy, entertain no disquieting thought. Mark the meaning of the word entertain. Thoughts discordant and harassing will come like phantoms. Entertain none. Make your mind as blank as possible until you are calm and poised, and then invite cheerful and hopeful thoughts, and entertain them with Royal hospitality.

If you grant the truth of the discovery that each of us radiates physical emanations, as palpable as the glow of heat from a register, then you will understand the full significance of the command, "Guard well thy thoughts." If your thoughts are gloomy your emanations will be depressing, and you will attract despondent people only. If you are bravely cheerful you will draw unto yourself bright conditions and will attract cheerful comrades, for by the law of affinity in Nature such atoms as belong in the same circle are mutually attracted, while those which belong in other circles repel.

We all know from experience how depressing the atmosphere is where gloomy, cross, and unreposeful people live. Their rooms are permeated with oppressive discontent. If you are sensitive you will feel the atmosphere as keenly as if it were a fog. It is moral fog. Despondent people live in a blur and could not see an opportunity for success if they stumbled over it. It is as Mrs. Browning pictures it in the following:

"Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane,
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view;
And thus, alas!
We miss the prospect which we are called unto."

Look at yourself! If the corners of your mouth sag, smile! smile! smile! Smile, and keep on smiling until you have changed your expression. Face the world with your heart forward and your backbone straight, and if there is a grumbling, groaning, discontented tone or vibration in your voice, get it out as soon as possible. You must know "the eye must be sunny ere it can see the sun"; before you can attract you must first make yourself attractive to those about you.

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A woman who has chiseled her face with melancholy and worrying thoughts, said pitifully: "Surely I am not so unattractive that I could not gather a pleasant circle of friends around me if I sent cards out and kept up one evening or day at home through the season." Then she added wistfully: "I am so lonely. I only know two families in New York." Her profession brought her within touch of hundreds, yet she was gloomy—so full of her own trials, difficulties and tribulations that she only attracted those as gloomy and disheartened as herself. Yet she was a woman of brains, whom it would have been a pleasure and distinction to present to people if she had not been such a mournful egotist. She asked to be loved, but never once asked herself if she were lovable. She sought cheerful, attractive people, but made no effort to get in harmony with their happy views and amiable moods. She radiated gloom, and ever talked of her woe-begone self, detailing her physical pains and her mental distresses.

The most warm-hearted of the cheerful people she met, who sought to make life less difficult for her, finally left her to herself, explaining, "She's impossible." If she tried to cultivate courage, hope, cheerfulness, and graciousness she would have soon been swept into a tide of healthier, happier and more cheerful conditions. It is possible for every miserable, slaving, unhappy being just like her, or unattractive, pessimistic-looking men, to make themselves over—yes, literally over—and become magnets that will attract toward them what is desirable.

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You say, "It is all very well, when you are comfortable and life is easy, for you to sit up and spin out these fine theories; but look at me—I am poor and unhappy. I have few friends, I have no pleasures; I wish I were dead." As long as you say these things, think these things, you will be poor, unhappy and unloved. Your external environment and conditions are in a great measure but the materialization and reflection of your inward state. Job testified to the truth of this when he said, "That which most I feared is come upon me."

In the words of the late Prentice Mulford, "Stop worrying over anticipated discords. Keep your mind in the present. You only intensify and hasten discord by worry, and at the same time you take from the present those forces which should be employed in the present and which would fortify you against the anticipated discords. Disabuse your mind of the belief that there is anything too good for you; place the mark of your ambition high, and always hold it in view; never relinquish it for a moment, no matter how crushing the influence brought to bear against it. Your body will soon be where your aspiration always is, provided you hold it there unwaveringly.

"If in mind you abase yourself before others' talents, or their grander style of living, or are overawed by their pretentiousness into a sort of envious humility, or into that sinful self-depreciation which is ever saying, 'I can't stand there,' you place the greatest of barriers to standing there. Look always on the best things the world can give as if they were yours—not the houses, carriages, and fine clothes of others as yours, but others like them when you earn them, and earn them you can if you have sufficient faith in the spiritual law or mental condition of mind which brings these things—the only force which really ever brings them to any one."

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Success or failure in any line is dependent upon the faith of the thinker in his power to accomplish the work before him. The positive character that determines to attain the thing desired must approach more nearly the goal than the vacillating, hesitating thinker who fears failure. "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string." The law of echo makes this inspiriting line from Emerson practical and provable. If you project thoughts of courage, of trust in your own ability to succeed, you awaken answering vibrations of trust in you in the hearts of even those who are not in spiritual or mental rapport with you. It is proven that when we change our condition mentally we change perforce our radiations. These changes can be scientifically regulated by governing our thoughts aright, and we may become effectual magnets of success. This law is illustrated every day in every line of life.

If you realize what real self-trust is you cannot confound it with self-conceit. The self-conscious timidity of many who bewail their sensitiveness is but the most disheartening expression of self-conceit. They are ever thinking of themselves. The self they have projected is of the spirit which is in them yet not of them, just as the yolk of an egg, different in form and color, is in and not of the white substance that surrounds it; yet both are one. The right kind of self-trust bids a man or woman achieve, relying on their spirit and forgetting absolutely their own personality. They have no false pride. To express the work of their spirit is the main thing with them. If you project your work aright it will speak for itself. It is your duty, however, to project it aright.

Too many of us are like the proud, snobbish old woman who became so poor she had to take the cherries that grew in her garden into the streets to sell. They were toothsome and luscious, deep red beauties, shining with seductive brightness. She did not see their value. She only saw her poor, miserable self, reduced in circumstances, carrying them. She sought a back street and there mournfully murmured, "Cherries! Cherries! Good gracious, I hope nobody hears me!" Nobody did. She went home and wept, and bitterly complained of the heartlessness in the world, just as ten thousand of her kind have done, and will do until they learn how they demean the spirit within them. The old woman had more cheap pride than strength of character, more cowardly self-conceit than womanly courage.

Are not many of us like her? If she had been brave enough to stand in the highway, forgetting her miserable self and thinking only of presenting her fruit attractively as she cheerily piped out, "Cherries! Cherries!" can you not readily picture her going home with a serene countenance, carrying an empty basket that must be filled on the morrow? If she had taken this attitude toward the world and her work, does it not seem quite probable that her fruit would have soon become known and that after a time people would have sought the garden?

Believe me, the world is a mirror; it reflects back to you the face you present to it, and you get out of the world just what you put into it. If you make no effort to let it know what you have done it makes no effort to find out what you have done. Is not this the just working of law? If you make no action there will be no reaction. If you do not sing out can you get an echo? You know, of course, in the law of echo, that the angle the ray of sound makes against a wall or a hill will be the same made by the ray of sound when it leaves the wall or hill. But mark this: unless you stand in the proper place in the line of the angle of reflection it will be observed that the sound cannot be heard at all, or, if heard, it is with difficulty, indistinct, and not at all impressive.

Do you not catch the hint? Does it not behoove us all to find the place where the conditions are the best for the clearest and most responsive echo to our call? There are other laws, of course, besides the law of echo with which we must be in harmony to be completely in touch with the uplifting and helpful conditions of the world. Of all classes, the artistic one, whose sensitive temperament is its joy and its curse, should note the workings of the law of echo, the law of action and reaction, and the law of vibration especially, as it works not only in deeds and words, but in thoughts of positive, cheerful and satisfying self-trust.

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Many of this class suffer needless pain and poverty through ignoble pride. They are those "who, from carelessness, timidity, or ignorance of practical life, imagine that everything is done that can be when the work is completed, and wait for public admiration and fortune to break in on them by escalade and burglary. They live, so to say, on the outskirts of life, in isolation and inertia. We used to know of a small school composed of men of this type, so strange that one finds it hard to believe in their existence; they styled themselves the disciples of art for art's sake. According to these simpletons, art for art's sake consisted in deifying one another, in abstaining from helping Chance, who did not even know their address, and in waiting for pedestals to come of their own accord and place themselves under them." Henri Murger wrote the foregoing more than fifty years ago. The class to which he refers is as numerous to-day as it was then.

If they write they think their manuscripts are such precious, Heaven-born documents that people should seek them with eagerness and haste. They do not regard them as disposable commodities for which they must find the right market. They do not keep alert to know what the market wants, and they do not offer their wares with dignified self-respect. "Peddle 'em as if they were apples" was the terse and practical advice of Frank M. Pixley, the late brilliant editor of the San Francisco Argonaut, to a trembling sentimental girl who offered him a manuscript with the air of a convict about to receive a death sentence. "If one man does not want your apples another man may. Don't be afraid of me nor anybody."

If this sensitive class who think they are "gleaming in obscurity" paint, they have the same timidity. Their pictures are too fine to be regarded as marketable. Through self-conscious pride they suffer and grow poor and despairing in their studios. Their morbid, bewailing selves form screens that shut their work from view. What would happen to a farmer who sat in his granary looking at his wheat, bemoaning his fate and railing against God and man because wheat-dealers who did not know of his existence failed to come after it? If you do something worthy and present it in the proper way, and the world finds it cheering, uplifting, or even healthily diverting, you will more likely have to run from those who will seek you with devouring appreciation than weep because you are not sought for.

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But mark this: the world rightly demands joy. It does not want to be reminded of the woe and misery in it. It wishes to forget them. Remember, "To cultivate a sense of pleasure is to civilize." Project your work whatever it may be—selling ribbons over a counter, making out uninteresting law briefs, cooking, waiting on the table, reading or singing—cheerfully. Give joy and get joy. You need not do it so much in words as in your emanations. The inexhaustible sun is behind each ray of sunlight, the immeasurable source of Divine force is behind you. Why should you not radiate a sunny self-trust and make whatever you may touch luminous through your personality?

The proper kind of self-trust begets self-assertion, and self-assertion is one of the most potent elements of success. That is the reason so many of the so-called bad, selfish, disagreeable people in life succeed. They assert themselves. They make themselves a steady, driving force before which the negative, the unwisely sensitive and the ignobly humane go down. They attain a certain kind of success—a material sort. They want money, and bend every energy, every thought to get it, and in many instances they get what they strive for. They assert their own conceit in a continuous, concentrated, indomitable way, and they get on where really better but lazier and more timid ones fail. They are willing to make the effort and they are rewarded according to their effort.

The noblest self-assertion is not the self-assertion of the braggart, who not only boasts of his work but bonsts of himself, ignoring God or any Divine force except his own muscular energy and mental power. He dominates by sheer physical and the lowest sort of mental force, because he projects it with imperturbable courage. But his phase of assertion is a symbol of the higher and better. His lowest expression of self-assertion wins because insistent energy, and courage, and the cheerfulness born of his success are spiritual qualities born in all. They draw success to the forward as well as to the self-respecting, dignified worker who is determined to win without trampling over his fellow-men to accomplish it.

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The currents in the ocean bear the ships of the pirates as swiftly as they do the steamers of the merchantmen. Sunshine lights a brothel as radiantly as it does a sanctuary. Fire makes even refuse beautiful. Under its beneficent influence a dirty old bone or a worm-eaten dead branch will give forth warmth and become the instrument of comfort and power. Sunlight, air, water and fire, which are for the use of all, giving life or death according as they are used rightly or wrongly, are they not symbols of the Divine forces within us? In ignoble instruments they are ignobly expressed, but they are not without power. Remember this when you are inclined to arraign God for partiality and to look with murderous envy upon your fellow-men. Is it not yourself that you should challenge?

The self-assertion of braggarts, it is easily seen, if not the finest kind. They win something, but they lose many of the most enriching experiences of life. The force that helps them to succeed in material lines, when misused deprives them of the social and spiritual enjoyments of life.

But objectionable as this intrusive form of self-assertion is, it is better than the pitiful humility of the over-modest. Self-contempt, self-depreciation are the worst forms of pride. Self-abasement is the negative expression of the same pride of which offensive self-assertion is the positive. If the positive expression is cheerful, of course it wins.

Still, why should any of us either manifest the ignoble self-assertion of the braggart or the self-negation of the too backward when we have the sweet privilege of showing forth the highest kind of self-assertion? It is not only our privilege, but our manly and womanly duty. What is the highest kind of self-assertion? It is spiritual self-assertion. Spiritual self-assertion is not conceit. It is the unconscious emanation of a reliant, self-controlled man or woman. It is the quickening radiation of a serene, sunny, self-poised soul—self-poised because conscious that if it assumes the right attitude toward its work and the world it is backed by omnipotence itself. It is the assertion of the soul. "Who has more soul than I masters me though he should not raise a finger." Give your soul room. If you doubt that you have a soul to express in the highest form of self-assertion, you can prove for yourself how potent in success is self-assertion in its lowest form, so of the two forms of ignoble pride choose self-approval instead of self-depreciation.—From Success is for You, by Dorothy Quigley, published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

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Wisdom of Life

THE REVELATION OF SELF.—If you enable yourselves to distinguish, by the truth of your own lives, what is true in other men, you will perceive that all good has its origin in good, never in evil.—John Ruskin.

OUR LIFE IN THE PRESENT.—Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them; and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow.—Jeremy Taylor.

THE DEATHLESSNESS OF ACTION.—All things are engaged in writing their history. Every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own manners and face. The air is full of sounds; the sky, of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered with hints to the intelligent.—Goethe.

THE MAN IS HIS THOUGHTS.—It seems to me that our thoughts are a more true measure of ourselves than our actions are. . . . The contradiction which too often exists between our outward actions and our inward intentions is only to be detected in the realm of our thoughts, whither none but God can penetrate. . . . In like manner an impulse will sometimes show more of our real character than what we do after deliberation.—Frederick W. Faber.

Current Foreign Humor

COMPILED FROM CONTEMPORARIES

HER NATURAL EXPRESSION.—"Now, my lady, look beautiful and happy," said a traveling photographer to the young woman; "so, that's it. There, I have you. Now you may resume your natural expression."

KISSING BY DEPUTY.—An accommodating Guard: "Fraulein, get in quick, please! The train is just going to start!" "But I want to give my sister a kiss." Guard: "Get in, get in, I'll see to that."

PROPER WAY TO SIGN.—"In short, X is a great personage. Suppose I address him, 'My honored master'?" "Nonsense! a scamp like that! I would do nothing of the kind." "Say, what would you put?" "I should write, 'My dear colleague.'"

EXCUSING HIS BASHFULNESS.—Mistress: "How is it one never hears a sound in the kitchen when your sweetheart is with you of an evening?" Servant Girl: "Please, ma'am, the poor fellow is so bashful yet; for the present he does nothing but eat!"

HIS NAME IN PRINT.—Editor: "How often must I tell you, sir, that I cannot use your verses? Tell me, why do you write poetry, anyway?" Poet: "Ah, Mr. Editor, I wish so much to see my name in print." Editor: "Then why don't you have some visiting-cards printed?"

NOT ON THE MENU.—A couple of friends enter a restaurant. The waiter comes bustling up: "What can I get you, gentlemen?" "For pity's sake, give us a little respite," said one of them. The waiter trotted away, but came back presently: "Very sorry, gentlemen, respite is off!"

CHICAGO'S BIG HOTELS.—In Chicago everything was on a grand scale. Gigantic buildings of colossal splendor, an immense selection, and I lived in a hotel of such huge proportions that when I rang the bell Friday evening, the waiter would come to my room Tuesday morning.

A PROPHECY VERIFIED.—A widower aged eighty-four had married a young woman of nineteen. A local paper commented as follows on the happy event: "A year ago, when his wife died, his relatives expected that he would go crazy over the sad bereavement. This prognostication has come true."

RETROGRESSIVE GRIEF.—A lady had just lost her husband. A gentleman living next door, on calling to see her, found her, to his great surprise, playing on the harp, and said: "Dear me! I expected to find you in deep distress." "Ah!" the lady pathetically replied; "you should have seen me yesterday afternoon."

TRAINING HIS SUCCESSOR.—Two beggars discovered standing at a door. "To which of you two," said the servant, "am I to give this half-franc?" First Beggar (with exquisite politeness): "To him, mademoiselle; I'm leaving the neighborhood, and have brought him with me to-day to introduce him to the customers."

WITH HUMBOLDT'S NOTES.—Auctioneer: "This book, gentlemen, is especially valuable, as it contains marginal notes in the handwriting of Alexander von Humboldt. A hundred marks are offered. Going—going—gone! It is yours, sir." (The autograph marginal note by the renowned scholar was as follows: "This book is not worth the paper it is printed on.")

WHOLESALE PUNISHMENT.—A Frenchman was teaching in a large school, where he had a reputation among the pupils for making queer mistakes. One day he was teaching a class which was rather disorderly. What with the heat and the troublesome boys, he was very snappish. Having punished several of the boys, and sent one to the bottom of the class, he at last shouted out in a passion: "Ze whole class go to ze bottom!"

SLIPPERY TESTIMONIALS—The wife of a wealthy manufacturer had occasion to call in the help of a new floor polisher: "Do you understand your business thoroughly?" "All I ask, madam, is that you shall inquire for yourself at the Colonel's, next door. On the parqueted floor of the large drawing-room alone five persons broke their limbs during the last winter, and a lady slipped down the grand staircase. It was I who polished the stairs."

A LOAD OFF HIS HEART.—When Scheffel was staying in Italy for the benefit of his health he received from a friend in Germany an unstamped letter containing nothing but the following words: "I am quite well. Yours truly, ——." Annoyed at having to pay the double postage, the poet packed a bowlder of enormous weight in a case, and dispatched it to his friend without paying the carriage. The latter, in the belief that the package contained something of considerable value, willingly paid the high transport charge, and opened the case. His feelings on opening it may be better imagined than described. On a label affixed to the stone he read as follows: "On receipt of the news as to your health, my heart was relieved of this load."

Garrisoned by a Woman

A SUMMER IN OLD FORT PICKERING

By Kate Tannatt Woods

THE Wedderburn boys, with their sister, Daisy, and Miss Sparkle, Daisy's music teacher and friend, were camping out, and the place selected for their airy home was within the walls of old Fort Pickering. In the early days of Salem or Naumkeag this fort was built on Winter Island, which juts out into the sea from Naumkeag proper and kindly forms above Salem Harbor, once so famous for its East India trade. In 1699 the fort was called Fort William; in 1799 the name was changed to Fort Pickering, in honor of Colonel Timothy Pickering, who was one of George Washington's military family during the war and afterward one of his Cabinet.

The old fort has been rebuilt several times, but is now a picturesque ruin. Children run and play where swivel guns were once turning about to defend the harbor, and every night a cheerful ray falls on the water from the Government lighthouse erected several years since near by. The light-keeper's neat cottage is built outside of the walls. During our Civil War the draw-bridge leading to the entrance of the fort was removed and a simple plank structure erected over the walled moat where the tide water still ebbs and flows.

No wonder the schoolboys wander away from the city to spend a day in rambling about the inclosure or shouting within the deserted dungeons. Jamsie Wedderburn, who was a High School boy that summer, inherited a love of adventure with his Scotch name, and he it was who entreated his good father, Doctor Wedderburn, to indulge his fancy for camping out for a few weeks in vacation at the old fort.

If Jamsie went, Glen must go, for Glen was a junior in the same school and almost as tall; and Paul would never consent to remain at home, neither would Daisy—"the worst boy in the lot," her father said, although he kissed her when he said it.

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Doctor Wedderburn never denied his children any reasonable request; neither would he consent to any proposition without first considering it. That very day, after he had gone his rounds among his patients, he turned old Trumps' head toward the part of Salem known as the "Neck"; as Trumps trotted along the Doctor formed several plans for the comfort and happiness of his children. He drove over the causeway connecting the island with the mainland, and straight down to the light-keeper's cottage. The light-keeper was an excellent man and a friend of the Doctor.

"Yes, it would be perfectly safe; he would look after the young people and supply them with milk and fresh vegetables; he must warn them a little about going into the barracks, for the earthworks were caving in, and the timbers were all very much decayed." The matter of tents, cooking utensils and provisions the boys would enjoy arranging themselves, but a chaperon must be provided for Daisy, or Daisy's mamma would never consent to the expedition. Now there happened to be among Doctor Wedderburn's patients a young lady who well deserves mention as Miss Daisy's music teacher, and this excellent young lady was now in town, having spent her small hoard of money on her invalid sister, who must go to the mountains. "Trumps," said Doctor Wedderburn, "we must call on Miss Sparkle."

Miss Sparkle was alone, feeling a little worn with the heat, a little tired of counting one, two, three, four, for stupid pupils, and perhaps a little sad, although Miss Sparkle never looked nor seemed sad. Doctor Wedderburn knew she had ample reason for doing so, and he was not a little proud of the fine brave spirit which had carried her through her troubles since her father died.

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"Yes; Miss Sparkle would go; she would like it immensely. She didn't think she was tired, but she missed Angie, and it was always stupid in the city during August."

As soon as Daisy Wedderburn heard this she ran up two blocks, turned a corner and went into a little house where Miss Sparkle lived, and Glen, who followed her lest she should get into mischief, told his mother in confidence that "Daisy kissed the little teacher about twenty times."

At last they were all settled inside the fort, and then beds were put up within two comfortable tents provided by another friend of the genial Doctor. The floors were examined, the stakes well driven in, and even the bedding tested, before Doctor Wedderburn left his young people. Mrs. Wedderburn had driven down with her husband to see that all was secure, and when she had put her baby Maud in the very middle of Miss Daisy's little camp bed and had taken a whiff or two of the invigorating air, she wished she, too, might camp out.

"What a lovely spot it is," she said, as she stood with Miss Sparkle on the top of the highest earthwork; "you must make us some nice sketches of the place."

Never since time began did the weeks run so swiftly away. All day they boated, fished, swam, sketched, lounged on the rocks, gathered stores of queer shells and mosses, and ate—dear me, how they ate! Every other day, when the Doctor or his man came down, the campers were presented with a huge basket of eatables, and the larder was always low. The light-keeper prevailed on a skipper to take the party out sailing, and on such occasions Miss Sparkle, who could not pass a day on the water without suffering, always remained at home to prepare a good dinner for the party. She enjoyed such days, the quiet soothed and rested her, and Miss Sparkle could never be lonely with her sketch-box or a book near at hand. One morning, while the children were still sleeping, the light-keeper gave his well-known whistle and announced that "his friend, Uncle Ben, was going down Gloucester way on his schooner, and if the young people would like to make a day of it they were all invited to accompany him."

◆

"We shall start at ten if the wind is fair," said the keeper, as he ran out of the fort and across the little bridge. Every one was ready at ten. The light-keeper's chickens were fed, the cows were left outside the fort, and in due season the patched sails of the boat slowly passed from view. "Now," said Miss Sparkle, "I hold the fort; come, Pat, let us make a sketch of Lowell Island from the old port-hole."

Pat, being a sensible dog, meekly followed the lady, who produced her sketch-box and camp-chair. How long she had worked Miss Sparkle never knew, for, just as she had placed her sketch before her for criticism, a deep voice said:

"Hello, the fort is manned by a woman!"

Miss Sparkle sprang up suddenly, scattering various pigments in all directions.

"A tramp," she said under her breath, and then sat down again, determined not to appear timid.

"I am sorry I scared you," said the man, "but you see I was surprised to find a garrison of one, and that one a woman." Miss Sparkle was silent, but she looked around for Pat. Cruel protector, he had vanished. While she was thinking, the tramp had approached her, and now stood gazing at her, neither rudely nor offensively—in fact, he looked worn and weary.

"Do you command the garrison, lady?" he asked.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"And they leave you without a Corporal's guard, do they? That is not fair."

◆

"I have an assistant," said Miss Sparkle, "I will call Pat." Miss Sparkle devoutly hoped that he would consider Pat a stout Irishman and go away. What was her astonishment when the tramp said coolly: "We are quite old friends, Commander, the dog and I."

"Where did he come from?" said Miss Sparkle, again mentally, for the tramp had now thrown himself on the ground and was engaged in picking up the scattered colors. Miss Sparkle watched him. He was tall, gaunt and slightly bent. The old black valise which had been suspended on a stick over his shoulder was now lying close to Miss Sparkle's feet, and she saw that it, like its owner's clothing, was much worn. When the paints were once more in their case the tramp removed his hat and wiped his brow with a soiled gingham handkerchief. Miss Sparkle was surprised to see so young a face; she fancied him an old man. "He looks so tired and warn," said the tender-hearted young woman, "I don't believe he can be very vicious."

"Do you suppose, Commander," said the tramp, in a whimsical tone, "that your commissary would give me a bread ration and a cup of water?"

"I will," said Miss Sparkle, promptly rising. In fact, she was glad to get away, and not a little anxious to secure Glen's watch and some trinkets which had been left in her care. Having put these treasures away, she filled a large tin cup with water and made a generous sandwich, with which she returned to her tramp. Just then Pat, the recreant protector, came bounding in, and gave a glad bark as he saw the stranger. The man raised his head at once. "Ah, Pat, old fellow, here you are; now tell the Commander that we are old friends."

Pat trotted about, wagging his tail furiously. Whatever misgivings Miss Sparkle had entertained vanished at once, and she observed that he ate greedily, like one nearly famished. "Then you knew our good doggie before?" she said, as the man shared his food with Pat.

"Yes, yes, Commander; I come every year, every year, and always for the same purpose, and I always fail." His voice fell as he uttered the last words.

"You were a soldier, then?"

"Yes, lady, and stationed here three months during our Civil War, but it seems a thousand years since then."

"Poor fellow," thought Miss Sparkle; "he is only a broken-down man, another war victim, and I was afraid of him," but she did not question him more, for she saw he was thinking of the past.

"Pat and I are going to our quarters now," said she, "for we are to prepare a grand dinner before the children's return. Would you like to remain here and rest?"

"Thank you, lady; I will pay you for my rations by helping you make ready for the feast. I know something of cooking, as Pat could tell if he would."

◆

When Miss Sparkle told Doctor Wedderburn about it, she said, "The poor fellow seemed so simple and childlike that I forgot all fear." Then long before the patched sails were seen coming up the harbor he had proved a good man Friday about the camp, but still not one word did he say concerning himself. Just before sunset the schooner dropped her anchor and two boat-loads pulled for the shore; up the steep embankments came the children, choosing the most difficult way, while one and all cried, "Oh, such a good time!" Jamsie drew back when he saw the stranger, but the light-keeper's cheery, "Hello, Nicholas, is that you?" reassured him.

"Yes, your Honor, I am here again."

"Well, Miss Sparkle, you are in luck; Nicholas is a good, honest fellow, who carries a bullet in that lame foot, and a kind heart under his jacket."

The tramp removed his hat as if he were being presented to the lady.

"You must all dine with us," said Miss Sparkle; "see, the dinner is smoking, and your wife will enjoy food she has not prepared." The keeper accepted the invitation as cordially as it was given, but managed to whisper: "He's a little hurt in the head, poor fellow, and comes back every summer to look for something he lost here; humor all his fancies; he is perfectly safe."

◆

Miss Sparkle nodded. Did not her one brother Don enter the army a mere lad and never come back? An old soldier was safe indeed in her care.

What a dinner it was. How the boys chattered. Miss Sparkle enjoyed it all, and the light-keeper's wife said she had not had such a frolic for years. All this time the soldier's face was a study.

After the long twilight the keeper returned from his duties at the light-house and sat down with the group about the campfire. "These young folks have been teasing to go down into the dungeons," he said, "and carry some lanterns. I tell them there is nothing on earth to see, more than they have seen with their candles; but anything to please the children, you know, Miss Sparkle, and now that Nicholas is here he will be only too glad to go."

Nicholas eagerly assented.

"He doesn't like to talk much about it," said the keeper, "but Nicholas was a runaway boy who pretended to be older than he was in order to enlist, and when he was stationed here he got into a little difficulty with another fellow and was put in the western dungeon for three days; and while there he took something he thought a great deal of and put it in a chink in the wall, and he comes back every year to search for it."

"Was it gold?" asked Jamsie.

"No," responded Nicholas, "a great deal better than gold."

The children looked curious.

"Now, I was thinking," said the keeper, "that you might please the young people, and Nicholas, too, if you would go down to-morrow and look carefully around."

"Of course we will," said Miss Sparkle. "Do you remember where you put your—treasure?" asked she.

"The very spot, lady; I always see it in my dreams, but when I come I forget it."

◆

"It may be a mere fancy," whispered the keeper, "but he sticks to it, and he seems sound enough on every other subject."

After the keeper had left them Miss Sparkle questioned Nicholas carefully, and it was resolved that the entire party should visit the dungeon under his guidance. The next morning, soon after breakfast, he came from the cottage with two lanterns, and Miss Sparkle at once issued her instructions. Jamsie led one party and Miss Sparkle the other. The lantern holders were requested to move slowly on in advance, while the followers would press hands and fingers slowly all over the wall, which was built of small stones covered with cement. If any one found a depression or chink they must at once cry "Halt." The light-keeper said these walls remained as they were built, save an occasional coat of whitewash.

The party went quickly forward in the darkness, Jamsie moving on the left with the children following after, while Miss Sparkle and Nicholas moved on the right. The feeble lights flickered and the footsteps resounded on the stone floor, but no one

spoke. Jamsie began to think it all nonsense; Daisy was sure the man told the truth. Presently Miss Sparkle spoke, her voice sounding strangely clear. "I may be wrong, but just over my head I find some loose mortar. Will some one bring a chair, or can Nicholas reach it?" Nicholas, standing on tiptoe, put his long, thin finger on the very spot, and with an exultant cry exclaimed—"It is found!" The boys cheered wildly, while Nicholas trembled. "Let us go out into the daylight," said Miss Sparkle, as she led the soldier to the foot of the stone steps with gentle care.

Up the winding stairs they went, stumbling with eagerness. The clear sunlight on the parade-ground dazzled them, but one and all sank on the dry grass, while Nicholas unrolled some fragments of a cotton handkerchief and revealed his treasure. It was touching to see him remove the dirty wrappings, while his worn face was lighted with a rare smile—and it was almost pitiful to see his thin fingers tremble. "Safe, safe," he said softly, "and the world will go straight now; it has been very crooked since I lost her—very crooked and cold."

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Miss Sparkle suggested that it would be well to leave him with his recovered treasure, but he protested so earnestly that she remained. "Don't go, Commander, don't go; I want you to see her—and these lads, too; let them see and remember." As he spoke the last wrapping was removed, and the boys saw only a little bit of tin with a woman's face upon it—a very sweet, sad young face.

"Was it your sweetheart?" whispered Glen.

Nicholas did not hear him; he was caressing the picture. "Look at her, miss, look at her; she was my best friend and I wounded her; she was goodness itself, and I left her to follow the drum, and it has all gone wrong since—all wrong." Miss Sparkle looked; it was only a tintype, but the face was indeed lovely.

"Would you mind telling us about her?" said Miss Sparkle, gently, for the kind-hearted little woman saw his agitation and feared for him.

"Oh, yes, I will tell you; it was my mother. A good, kind, loving mother, and I was willful; when the boys were going into the army I wanted to go, but she entreated me to stay with her, and in my boyish madness I called her selfish and ran away. She found where I was once, and sent me this with her love, and a letter which I lost, but I know every word in it. When they shut me in the dungeon they took everything from me, but I hid this in my mouth, and then, for fear the guard might get it, I put it where we found it. I was wounded twice in battle, and might have gone home, but the old evil, proud spirit still ruled me. When the war was over I did come back, but she was gone—so young, so beautiful, buried by my father's side, and then the fever came, and they put me in the workhouse in our town, and I bore it for a while, but not long; I suppose I was not like my old self, and I have wandered up and down since, always moving, always thinking of her. Every year when I came here I felt sure that I should find this some time, but I never could, and it is to you I owe my thanks now, lady, for I am sure my luck will turn now her face is with me again."

Was it Jamsie Wedderburn who turned away to hide his tears while the soldier was speaking? Miss Sparkle did not try to conceal hers, neither did Daisy nor Glen, and as to Paul he voiced the universal feeling when he put his hand on the soldier's arm and said, "Never mind, Nicholas, our papa will make you strong and well again, and you can live with us."

That night when Doctor Wedderburn came down and heard the story, he was very quiet for a few moments; at last he said to Miss Sparkle, "Wasn't Don in a Massachusetts regiment?"

"Yes," responded the little music teacher in a faint voice.

"Nicholas," said the Doctor, "do you remember a young Second Lieutenant who was with you at Gettysburg? His men used to call him Lieutenant Don. His real name was——"

"I know, I know," said the soldier eagerly; "I was his Orderly and he died, died in my arms, sir, and as brave a man as ever drew breath."

"This lady is his sister," said the Doctor briefly, "and when she gave you the cup of water and food she little dreamed she was showing kindness to one who had known and loved her dear brother, Don."

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The soldier rose as quickly as his wounds would permit, and saluted the little lady as if she were a queen.

Nicholas began to improve in health after he entered Doctor Wedderburn's service, and his confused memories became clear, but wherever he goes and whatever he does he carries with him like a sacred talisman his mother's picture, and it is said in private circles that the Wedderburn boys never utter an impatient word to their mother, and have never been known to disregard her lightest wish, since Nicholas told the story of his life on that occasion, when, for the first time in its history, the old fort on Winter Island was manned by a woman.

His Last Game of Chess

A TOURNAMENT TO DECIDE A LIFE

By Moritz Jokai

AHMANZADE MEHEMED, the Serdar of the troops of Tunis, was renowned for his extraordinarily severe discipline among his soldiers. "Don't fear the enemy," Mehemed used to say; "only fear Ahmanzade Mehemed, your commander."

The first war in which Mehemed was engaged was against the insurrecting Greeks in Albania, and it was in this expedition that his troops first excelled. In this campaign Mehemed ordered eight cavalrymen to watch the five wells of Arta, a spot which the Greeks often visited. These eight soldiers had received strict orders to challenge every passer-by, never to close an eye, and not to dismount on any consideration.

About midnight on the first day of their watch a driver of a wagon tried to pass by unobserved. When he saw that he could not carry out his intention he left the wagon and his team of oxen, and fled. The wagon was loaded with a cask, and, without dismounting, the soldiers succeeded in removing the bung, and they then soon detected that the cask contained excellent wine.

Mehemed's soldiers were not forbidden to drink confiscated liquors. They managed to get some reeds, which they inserted in the bunghole. They never thought of the prophet's saying, that wine in any form was a wicked drink of Satan, and Satan soon saw that he had the soldiers at his mercy. First of all the soldiers were asking each other why they were sitting in their saddles when they could enjoy a much-needed rest on the lawn. Nobody would ever know if they were to dismount and to stretch their tired limbs. They could fasten their horses to the wagon, and nobody would betray them.

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And they finally did lie on the lawn. The unholy drink persuaded them to be still more incautious. Why should eight of them be watching when four would do just as well? And a minute later four were fast asleep, and the rest—well, they tried to keep the watch, but not for long. The remaining four soon argued that two would be enough to watch, and Maruf and Sefer were left to guard the wells of Arta and their comrades.

"Let me tell you," said Sefer to Maruf; "one man would do just as well as two. What do you say?"

Maruf, being of the same opinion, answered: "Let us play a game of chess. The loser must keep the watch; the winner may rest." Sefer accepted the proposition.

The two drew a chessboard on the sand. They made chess pieces out of wild pears to represent the kings; wild apples served as queens; nuts, acorns, and other things served as rooks, knights, bishops and pawns, and the game began. At first Sefer had an advantage, but getting rather mixed up and not being able to distinguish the pieces, he lost his queen and was about to resign, as he could not prevent a mate in two moves. Maruf interrupted the game by exclaiming, "You are in a precarious position, Sefer."

"Yes, I know," replied the latter. "I shall be mated in two moves. I could not play well, for I am almost asleep."

"Go on, then, and sleep," said Maruf. "I shall watch for you all."

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An instant later seven of the eight soldiers were fast asleep. Maruf, gun in arm, was walking to and fro after the fashion of sentinels, principally to keep sleep away. After a while he decided to sit down on the lawn. He closed his eyes, thinking that he could rely on his ears if anybody should approach, and only a few minutes had elapsed, and the eight soldiers were fast asleep.

The Greeks, who lay in ambush, came forth, unfastened the horses, and would certainly have killed the Turks but for the noise made by one of the animals when led away. Maruf was the first on his legs. In an instant the eight were standing in fighting attitude, but it was useless. The Greeks had mounted the horses and laughed at the pursuing Turks. Maruf's horse, however, made it hot for the Greek. The rider was thrown and the horse joined the eight Turks. One horse for eight cavalrymen!

"What will Mehemed have to say to this?" exclaimed the soldiers.

They knew that their lives were forfeited, but they really were more upset about the loss of the horses than about that. Sadly and timidly they returned to the camp, and, being brought before their severe commander, they made a clean breast of it. They related the story in all its details: how they had disobeyed orders by dismounting; how they fell asleep in consequence of taking too much wine; how the two men had played a game of chess, and how they lost the seven horses.

Ahmanzade never showed his feelings when about to speak. From his face they could not read the sentence of the soldiers. At last he spoke.

"As there are eight men for one horse, seven of you are superfluous, for I have never read in the Koran or in the Azorath that eight men could mount one horse. But as you are all good chess players let a tournament decide who of you shall be the one to sit on the horse. The other seven will be shot."

He now ordered four sets of chessmen and boards to be brought to a specially appointed spot in the camp, and the eight began a tournament in which their lives were at stake. Twelve sharpshooters were ready to carry out the sentence of death passed upon the losers. One or two weak players soon surrendered to their superior opponents; others got desperate and won their games by hazardous combinations. The four losers were at once led away and twelve shots announced that they had paid for the loss of the game.

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The first round was over and the four surviving players were now paired for another round. The excitement and the seriousness of the stakes seemed to prolong the contest. An ill-considered move, a loss of a piece or even a pawn meant death. After a while the second round was over, two were taken away from the boards, and a few minutes later twelve shots announced in camp that two had ended their lives. Only Maruf and Sefer were left for the third and final round. Both men were known to be the best players in the regiment, and when they sat down to begin the game the excitement in the camp was at a fever heat. A big crowd of soldiers was standing around them, and as the contest remained even for a long number of moves, as neither side was able to gain the least advantage in position, the spectators and players alike became so interested in the game that they forgot the stakes.

By-and-by the battlefield became simplified, pieces were exchanged and pawns taken. Maruf succeeded in capturing a rook by a seemingly brilliant combination. Everybody now named Maruf as the winner.

Sefer, upon losing that important piece, studied a long time. Maruf, who thought he had the man beaten, did not look at the board—that is to say, his mind was occupied with other thoughts. Sefer did not move, but still kept looking at the position, and Maruf again directed his attention to the board. As he did so he became as pale as death and he trembled all over. He suddenly perceived that, in spite of his numerical advantage of pieces, his game was hopeless. He saw now that if Sefer sacrificed his queen for a rook, he could then effect a mate by means of a bishop. "Will he see the combination?" Maruf said to himself. The answer of this question meant death or life. Maruf realized in an instant that Sefer was aware of the situation. Maruf wondered why Sefer did not make the move. But Sefer's thoughts were no longer given to the game, but to some other subject altogether. At last the silence was broken.

"Maruf," said Sefer, "how many children have you at home?"

"Four," came the trembling reply.

"Have you a good wife?"

"She is faithful and good," answered Maruf, the tears rolling down his face.

Sefer put his hand to his forehead, murmured something like a prayer, and asked for a dish of water. When this was brought he washed his hands and his face, and addressed his adversary thus: "You have always been a good comrade. Last night you did not make me keep watch, although I lost the game to you." Then he touched the bishop and not the queen. A few moves later Maruf gave a check, the crowd of bystanders solemnly cried "mate" in a chorus; Maruf was proclaimed as victor.

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Sefer got up, shook hands with his late antagonist, beckoned to the sharpshooters who stood in readiness, and two minutes later Sefer's noble heart had ceased to beat.

Maruf, however, remained at the chessboard. He stared at the pieces as if absent-minded, and later he tried in vain to place the pieces in a certain position. He placed the men into altogether impossible positions. Then he kept staring at the board.

"Get up," commanded Ahmanzade, who had been a witness throughout the tournament. "Mount your horse at once; your life is spared."

Maruf, however, did not heed the words of his commander; he still kept looking at the board, making all sorts of silly moves, and winding up with an outburst of laughter. Then he wept bitterly for a while. "How stupid these pieces look," he then said; "one is a horse, the other wears a turban."

"Lead him away," ordered Mehemed. Two soldiers took him. Maruf stared like a madman. The surroundings seemed strange. He looked around absent-mindedly. What he said was insane. His last game of chess had made him mad.—San Francisco Post.

Fads of Famous People

ENJOYMENTS OF GENIUS

BACH'S favorite pastime was gardening.

BUFFON'S only amusement was walking.

VIRGIL, during the summer season, filled his house with butterflies.

CONFUCIUS, it is said, was passionately fond of watermelon seeds.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON wrote his novels while attired in a full-dress suit.

CHARLEMAGNE was said to be the best player of checkers of his century.

QUEEN ANNE detested the smell of roses, and became sick when they were near.

HENRY IV of France had the "cat ague," or trembled whenever a cat was in sight.

ARISTOTLE found amusement in walking on the seashore and collecting specimens.

VOLTAIRE was afraid to sleep in the dark, and invariably woke if the candle went out.

DOCTOR JOHNSON drank immoderate quantities of tea, and kept a pet cat, Hodge.

SCOTT was fond of riding, and by daylight would be out with his horse and dogs. Most of his work was done before dinner.

GEORGE III was passionately fond of music, and during his madness could always be calmed by the sound of an organ.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU hated children and loved cats; when he died his favorite Angora pet refused to eat and soon perished.

DANIEL WEBSTER was extremely fond of oxen, and all those on his farm knew him by sight and would follow him like dogs.

LOUIS NAPOLEON was fond of mimic warfare, and would often have forts constructed in his garden to illustrate tactical points.

RICHTER was fond of pets, and at one time kept a great spider in a paper box, feeding and tending the creature for many months.

WHENEVER Whittier had an inspiration he would go to a corner of his room and kneel while reducing his thoughts to words.

LOUIS XVI in his early life learned the trade of a locksmith, and during his imprisonment amused himself by making locks.

GEORGE ELIOT wrote for eight years with the same pen, and when she lost it she bewailed her misfortune as almost too hard to bear.

JULIUS CÆSAR was ashamed of his bald head, and when it became shiny he constantly wore a laurel wreath in the hope of concealing the deformity.—Chicago Times.

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